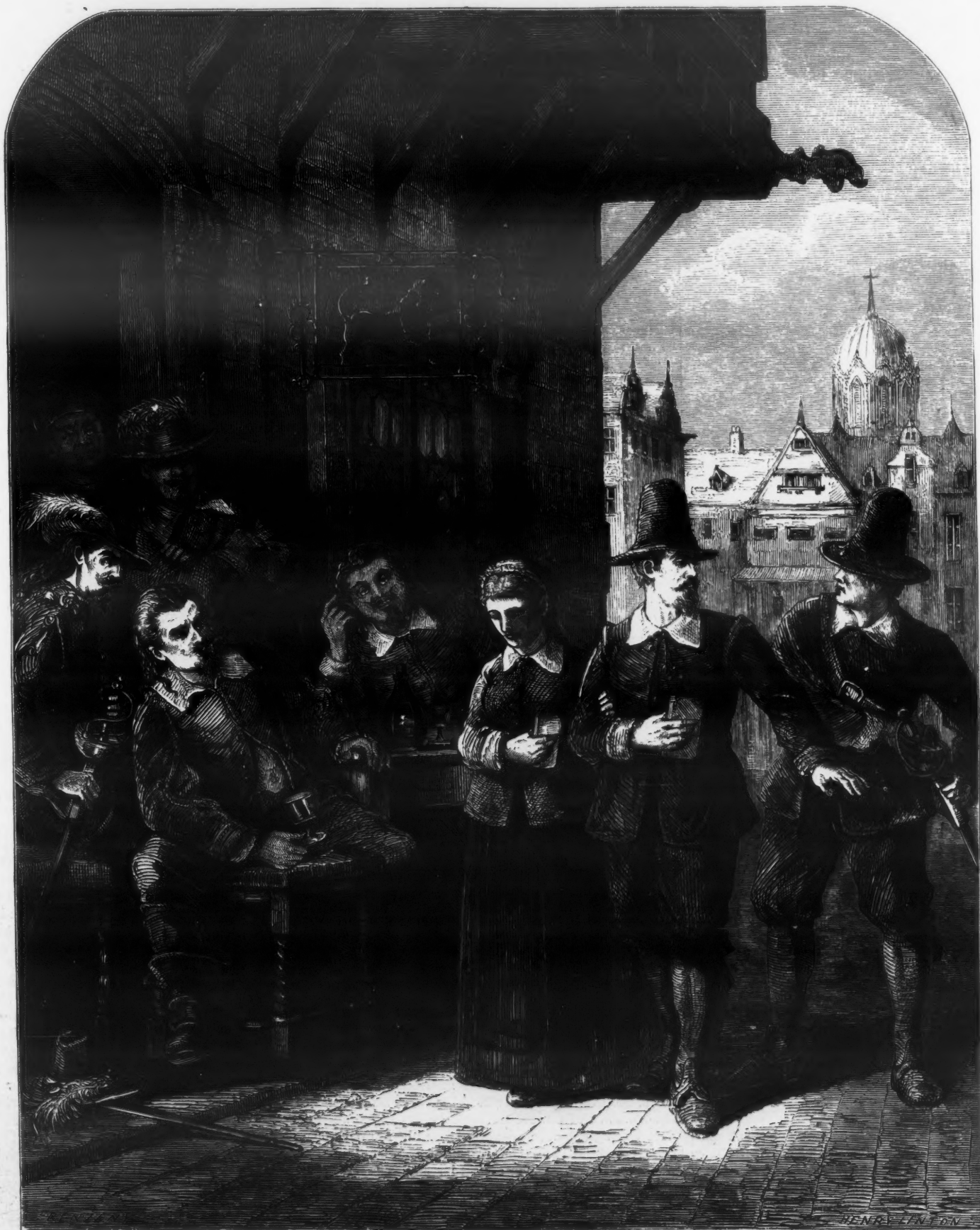


# *The Aldine*

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PURITANS AND CAVALIERS.—PAUL FRENZENY.

## THE ALDINE.

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## LOVE SONGS.

## IN THE STREET.

LIKE a breeze from a garden,  
Made sweet with the scent  
Of the fresh blooming lilacs,  
She came and she went;

Pure spirit and vision,  
Felt rather than known,  
Fain would I have held her  
And made her my own;

But as the unconscious  
Breeze blesses and goes,  
So went she, more blessing  
And blest than she knows.

## IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN lilacs were in blossom,  
And all the air was sweet,  
I saw her standing tip-toe  
Upon a garden-seat;

One hand drew down the clusters,  
The other bent a spray,  
Held it a little minute  
And let it slip away.

Lilacs, your life is lengthened,  
But you've missed the very best,  
The best brief life of lying  
And dying on her breast!

## TILL DAYBREAK.

AWAY to her, fresh morning breeze,  
Uplift and blow aside  
Her snowy curtain, and with ease  
Approach her undenied.

And lightly kiss her mouth and eyes,  
And lightly lift her hair,  
And blow about her where she lies  
This scent that fills the air,

Of apple-blossoms sweet, that she  
May, waking, long to know  
What newly-flowering shrub or tree  
Sweetens the morning so,

And past the cloudy curtain there  
Lean forth, perhaps, to see,  
Sweet, fresh and fair, and unaware,  
Be seen herself by me!

## TILL MOONRISE.

'Tis long, long after sunset,  
And cloudless is the sky,  
Yet strangely faint the stars are,  
And strangely faint am I;

Behind the hiding mountain  
They know the moon is near;  
And shining at her window  
Soon will my Love appear.

—Robert Kelley Weeks.

## HAL'S MISTAKE.

THERE were three of us, only, from Hilltop, a little quaint, irregular village, nestled high among the mountains—Hal Brainard, John Hazard, and I, Harrison Grey, at your service. We messed together, and that morning as we drank our black coffee we talked matters over with no sense of restraint. The regiment, which had been in camp for a month, was to march the next day.

"I shall be glad enough to get out of this," said John. "But, by George, boys, it does seem a little tough on a fellow to have to go off without seeing the folks again. It can't be more than ten miles to Hilltop, as the crow flies"—and the speaker, he was hardly more than a boy, looked yearningly off into the blue distance.

"It's no use, my lad," answered Hal, while his resolute face clouded over. "No furloughs will be granted, I understand."

But just then our good Captain Talbot appeared at the door of the tent. He had been teacher of the High School in the town adjoining ours, and we had all been pupils of his. As we gave him the military salute, he smiled faintly.

"It is almost schooltime, boys," he said. "But, first, I want to send one of you over to Hilltop, to do an errand for me. Whoever goes can stay all night, but must report himself by eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

We looked from one to the other, in a sort of eager dismay. At last John—Jack we called him—spoke out.

"Could'n't we all go, Captain?"

"Not exactly," he answered, laughing. "Orders are too stringent. But settle it among yourselves; and let one of you come to my tent in an hour."

The boys in the next tent were singing "Rally Round the Flag," at the top of their voices. Some one on the other side was whistling "Home, Sweet Home" in long and lingering cadence. From the pine woods on our left, the morning breezes brought us wafts of balsamic fragrance, with now and then an odorous breath from the trailing May-flowers. How well I remember it all!

I found my voice at length.

"Let Jack go. He is the youngest."

But then I bethought me that Hal had something in Hilltop that we others had not. He had been engaged to Thyrsa Harrington for nearly a year.

Glancing at him from beneath my cap, I saw a look upon his face that was half defiant, half tender. Then he caught up his gun, with a pretence of examining the lock.

"No," Jack answered quietly. "If but one of us can go, it must be Hal."

Hal looked up suddenly, his face glowing with something that was not exactly joy.

"Jack is right," I said. "It must be Hal."

He dropped his gun, and caught our hands impulsively.

"God bless you, boys," he cried. "You make me feel like a selfish brute. But it seems to me this morning that I would peril my soul's salvation for the chance of going to Hilltop."

"Hurry up, then," we both answered. "You have no time to spare."

We stood in the doorway of our tent, and watched the tall, stalwart figure as it dropped out of sight behind the hill. Then Jack turned to me with a gay smile that was somewhat belied by his drooping eyelids.

"Hal looks like a prince of the blood in his new uniform," he said, "and carries himself like one, too. What a magnificent fellow he is! But what is the matter with him, Grey? I scent trouble in the air. He is not himself, lately."

Just my own impression, also. But I did not care to discuss the matter. The day was a busy one; and when night came, we were glad to wrap ourselves in our blankets and go to sleep.

Hal returned the next morning.

"Hallo, old fellow, how's Hilltop?" cried Jack, dancing around him in a fever of impatience. "Who did you see? How are all the folks?"

He soon received a quietus in the shape of sundry packets and parcels. Then Hal turned to me.

"There's no change at headquarters, I suppose?" he said, interrogatively. "We get out of this to-day?"

I answered affirmatively.

"The Lord be praised!" he exclaimed. "I could not stand this inaction much longer, Grey;" and he fell vigorously to work, packing his knapsack.

He had not quite the air of a happy Romeo, whose lips were still warm with the kisses of his Juliet. But I had no time to puzzle over it, and by sundown we were off.

This is no war story; and it is needless to tell of our marchings and counter-marchings, our perils, our victories and our defeats. It is enough to say that we were in Virginia, that vast mausoleum of two armies, and that we three Hilltop boys had no reason to be ashamed of our record.

But through it all, and underlying all, there was something about Hal Brainard that I could not understand. He was brave, even to rashness. But it seemed to me more like the recklessness of the man who holds his life of little worth, than the bravery of him who takes it calmly in his hand, ready, if it is required of him, to offer it up in all its full, sweet completeness. One evening—it was on the eve of an engagement—I ventured to remonstrate with him.

"You are too reckless, Hal," I said. "A man has

no right to throw his life away needlessly, even in battle. Think what it would be to Thyrsa, if you were to be left in some nameless grave down here."

He started as if the bullet had already found him. Whether you believe it or not, we three had messed together ever since we left Vermont; we had tramped side by side through Virginia mud; we had shared each other's rations and blankets in many a stress of danger and fatigue; but the name of Thyrsa Harrington had never passed our lips since that day in camp at Brattleboro'. Hal was always reticent. He was the sort of man who held you at arm's length, if he pleased; and any subject he chose to ignore was a sealed book. He had not chosen to talk of her, and so Jack and I had been silent. But that night the spirit moved me strongly—and I spoke.

He started, as I have said, and his bronzed face flushed. But after a moment he answered quietly:

"I do not expect to be killed, Grey; for I have learned, since I came down here, that it takes a deal of ammunition to kill one man. But if I should fall, I think Thyrsa would manage to endure it," he added in a low tone, as he tossed a pebble into the road with the toe of his boot.

"Manage to endure it!" I cried. "What do you mean, Hal? Is she not your promised wife?"

"I—suppose—so," he answered slowly, "according to the letter of the law. But what is the letter good for when the spirit is gone? What is the body worth without the soul?"

The flush had faded, and he was pale as a ghost.

"I am sure you are beside yourself, Hal," I said, laying my hand upon his arm; "but it will do you good to break the silence in which you have wrapped yourself. Make a clean breast of it, man, for your soul's sake. What is the trouble with you and Thyrsa?"

"Trouble enough," he answered, doggedly. "I have reason to believe that she made a mistake in engaging herself to me. If I should happen to be picked off by one of these infernal bullets," he added, grimly, "it would be a fortunate circumstance. It would set her free, you see, without any fuss."

There was a stern compression of his lips, a metallic hardness to his voice. Yet Hal Brainard's nature was brave, tender, and womanly. I probed him with questions as a surgeon probes a wound.

"And you," I asked, "have you made a mistake, too?"

"If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be,"

he quoted lightly. Then, as if some wave of feeling swept over him, tearing his pride from its moorings, he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp.

"I love her!" he cried, "whether I have made a mistake or not. I have loved her all my life long. I do not even know when I began to love her. That's the worst of it, Harrison Grey."

We were silent for awhile. The sun dropped lower and lower, and the soft twilight wrapped us in its tender folds. I knew I should hear the whole story, if I had patience to wait for it; but Hal Brainard was not one to be hurried.

"I do not know that I blame her," he said, at last. "The truth is, Grey, Thyrsa and I are too unlike. I am no mate for her. She is gay, bright and airy, full of sudden sparkles and flashes, that dazzle and bewitch me out of my senses. But I cannot follow her. I cannot keep pace with her flights. I cannot half comprehend her. There is something in her life which my life cannot grasp. And then she looks at me with a vague, reproachful wonder in her eyes, which is too much for my philosophy. She is a skylark, and I a clod."

"But admitting your comparison for a moment," I said, "skylarks build their nests upon the solid ground. Did it never occur to you that your hardy, rugged strength might be more to Thyrsa Harrington than all the brilliant parts, all the merely æsthetic cultivation, in the world? Besides, there is a certain sort of knowledge—whether it comes by intuition or otherwise, that women gain earlier than men."

Hal shook his head.

"All very well in the abstract," he remarked, "but, you see, it does not touch this case. What is a man to do when he sees that the woman who has promised to marry him feels deficiencies in him, and when he knows that his failure to meet the wants of her nature, and to give full sympathetic recognition to what she regards as best and highest in herself, is a constant trouble to her? Tell me that."

I was silent, trying to think what I should say—



what it was best to say. Presently, his hand fell heavily upon my knee.

"Tell me one thing more," he added, in a low, intense voice. "What is one to do when he believes, even if he does not know of a surety, that there is a man in the world—in *her* world, too—who could be to the woman he loves all that he has failed to be? What should he do in such a case?"

"Hal!"

"I believe just that, Grey. I have believed it for six months. Pleasant state of things, isn't it?"

"Now that you have said that much, you must say more," I answered. "What do you mean by these strange words?"

"Have you seen Fayette Blackmann since he came back from Heidelberg?"

"Never. Haven't had a glimpse of him."

"That is because you were away so much for months before we enlisted. He was in Hilltop half the time."

"He used to be a good-enough sort of a fellow before he went abroad," I said; "I hope they have not spoiled him over there. But it is not *he* you are talking about?"

"It is, though," he answered, his face darkening. "But I tell you what it is, Grey, I will not do the man injustice. He is just the one to charm the fancy of a girl like Thyrsa. He is all that I am not—all that she wishes I was. He is interested in all the things that interest her—in poetry, music, and every thing that I am such a dolt about. He can lead her where I only follow her afar off; and with all his careless grace of manner, his easy flow of talk, I feel like a great, clumsy idiot beside him."

"Fayette Blackmann may be Adonis and Apollo and Mercury all in one, for aught I know," I replied; "I will not dispute you. But it does not follow that you have any occasion for jealousy."

My words stung him, and he sprang up from the log on which he was sitting.

"Jealousy!" he cried. "Am I jealous? Do you look at it in that way? Jealous!"

"But what else is it?" I asked. "Look here, Hal. Do you think that because a woman is engaged—or married, even—she must become at once blind and deaf? I can understand how a cultivated woman may enjoy the society of a cultivated man, and yet not have the slightest idea of falling in love with him."

I spoke with some heat, for I had always liked Thyrsa Harrington.

He turned white as a sheet.

"You do not comprehend," he said, with a certain quiet dignity. "I am casting no aspersions upon Thyrsa. It is not easy for a man to say what I have said to-night; and you may have misunderstood the words wrung from me by pride and passion. I do not think she is even aware how this man has come in between her and me. But I see it; and what am I to do about it? Am I to sit still, like a craven, and let her drift helplessly into my arms, when I believe she would be happier in the arms of another? What am I to do about it, Grey?"

"For God's sake, do nothing rash!" I exclaimed, drawing him out into the road, where the few remaining rays of daylight fell upon his face. "I do believe you are mistaken, Hal. For God's sake, and for your own soul's sake, do nothing rash!"

"I will not act hastily; and I will try to do what seems to be right," he said, putting his arm over my shoulder. "But Life plays at cross purposes with us, from first to last."

He stood for a moment looking off into the west, where the camp-fires of the Grand Army stretched away for miles and miles, twinkling like stars in the distance. Near by, our own white tents looked ghost-like in the gathering darkness. Occasionally a roll of the drums sounded like far-off thunder, or a bugle-note shot upward through the stillness. Hal turned toward me, smiling sadly.

"It is just as I said, Grey. If some stray bullet would clear up this muddle it would be a lucky thing; but the little devils never find out those who would welcome them, and Hal Brainard is the safest man in this regiment."

There was a battle the next day. Poor Jack! we left his sunny, boyish curls behind us on the bloody field. I had a ball through my right shoulder; but as for Hal, he walked in the fiery furnace without so much as the smell of fire upon his garments.

It would be weeks—months, perhaps—before I could use my arm; and in the hot, sweltering hospital I longed, with an unspeakable longing, for the

fresh breezes blowing cool from our mountain peaks; so they sent me home.

The fatigue of the journey brought on a low, nervous fever. Thyrsa came often to see me. She was very quiet and subdued in manner, with a deeper womanliness about her that seemed to have been gained at the expense of somewhat of the old glow and sparkle; but I thought her lovelier than ever, with her soft, grey eyes, and an appealing look about the mouth that had grown so wondrously tender.

She was not inclined to talk much of Hal, and I had a sort of uncomfortable consciousness, growing out of the recollection of my last conversation with the poor fellow, that kept me silent also.

Fayette Blackmann, as I soon learned, had opened a law office in an adjoining town, was building a fine house, and was making himself prominent in political circles. He was evidently no mere dilettante, but the rising man of the county; and I could but acknowledge to myself that if he chose to enter the lists he would indeed be a formidable rival. Whether he had done so or not, every week brought him to Hilltop.

One evening I saw them ride by on horseback—he and Thyrsa. Perhaps it was only the exercise and the excitement, but there was a glow upon her cheek, a light and radiance about her, that I had not seen since my return, and Blackmann's eyes dwelt upon her in undisguised admiration. My heart hardened against them both.

"It is the old story of the one ewe lamb," I muttered, as the graceful riders disappeared over the brow of the hill. "Verily, verily, history repeats itself."

There was another great battle, and again the heart of the nation was stirred to its centre. Two nights afterwards, as I sat upon the piazza, with Thyrsa Harrington on a low seat beside me, the daily *Tribune* was placed in my hands.

I opened it. There were the three fearful lists that had become so terribly familiar: "Killed," "Wounded," "Missing." As I ran my eye hurriedly down the long columns, in the very first I read the name of Hal Brainard.

My face must have told the tale, for I did not speak one word; but Thyrsa sprang up with clasped hands, struggled for a moment in a vain effort at utterance, and then sank at my feet in a huddled, pitiful, white heap.

My arm was still powerless, and I was, besides, worn with fever. I called to my mother, I screamed, I shouted; but there was not a soul within hearing, and I could only put back the hair from her white forehead, and fan her with that fatal newspaper. After a few moments, that seemed ages, she sat up and looked about her with an air of bewilderment.

"The paper," she said at length; "I want the paper."

I gave it to her silently—what was there to say?—and she looked at the name for a moment with a fixed, tearless gaze. Then she slowly gathered herself up, and, with the paper still clasped in her hand, walked unsteadily down to the gate and disappeared.

Months passed. I had been discharged from the service, for it seemed impossible that I should ever be strong enough to return to the field again. Thyrsa, a saddened, patient woman now, rather than the sparkling, brilliant girl who had so bewitched poor Hal Brainard—this Thyrsa and I were much together. We did not often talk of Hal, but his memory was a bond between us, and I knew at last how well she had loved him. It had all been a mistake, a misapprehension on Hal's part, growing chiefly out of his own modesty, and the slight valuation that he placed upon his own attractions. Fayette Blackmann was an old friend, and was betrothed to one of her cousins—"only that, and nothing more." The young couple were married that autumn, and the beautiful mansion received its destined occupant.

I never told Thyrsa what passed between Hal and me that night in Virginia. If she had ever noticed any change in the tone of his letters, she had evidently attributed it to the haste in which they were often written on the march, or on battle-fields. Why should I disturb her?

I was alone in the cottage one night. My mother had gone to watch with a sick neighbor, and I sat by the blazing fire lost in a waking dream. It was early—for I had just heard the whistle of the evening train, though, in those short December days, it had been dark for hours. A step upon the piazza startled me, and I felt, rather than saw, that somebody was looking through the blinds. In another moment,

Hal Brainard, bronzed, bearded, no disembodied spirit, but a living, breathing specimen of magnificent humanity stood before me, holding me with his earnest eyes.

I pass over the next few minutes.

"But now, Hal, tell me how it happened," I said, when our first emotions had expended themselves, and I had him safe in my easy chair.

He sat looking into the fire for a full minute before he answered. His mouth grew stern and hard.

"Do you remember the last talk we had?" he asked. "You must keep that in mind if you would understand what I have to tell you. The bullets did not find me, Grey. I have never had so much as a scratch. The man next me in the ranks was blown to pieces, but I was taken prisoner, and when, many months afterwards, I escaped and made my way to the Union lines, I found I had been reported killed. I saw my name in an old *Tribune*, in the dead list. I said nothing, but I thought the matter over. Our old regiment was all broken up. The path seemed plain before me. Hal Brainard was dead, and well out of the way. Let him rest. He had neither kith nor kin to mourn for him. The new soldier who had arisen from his ashes would fight as well under another name, and Thyrsa would be free, after a few salt tears and a period of decent waiting, to marry a man who would be more to her than he could ever have been."

"But," he went on, after a moment's pause, during which his face was convulsed with strong emotion; "but Grey, my dear old friend, I did not think they would have married so soon," and his voice faltered. "I thought they would have waited at least one little year. I deserved as much consideration as that from Thyrsa Harrington—surely I did."

I was silent for a minute from sheer bewilderment. Then I broke out:

"Married! Why, Hal—"

"You see I know all about it," he said, interrupting me; "else I should not be here. I saw the names on the register at Willard's, Grey—'Fayette Blackmann and wife'—and by the date of the entry it was not three months after my supposed death. It stunned me, Harrison, and it hardened me. Now I have run up here to take just one look at you, and then I go back to my work again. You will keep my secret, I know, and let her think me dead. It is better so."

My thoughts had worked themselves clear, at last.

"Excuse me," I said, "I will be back shortly."

I darted up the street and was at Thyrsa's door in less than a minute.

She was looking over a package of old letters, with a faint, trembling color in her cheek.

"Come with me," I cried; "we want you over to our house. Never mind your hair! that's all right."

But while she was putting on her hood, I looked at her. A slight, graceful figure robed in black; soft, wavy brown hair, that had escaped from its confinement and floated over her shoulders; gray eyes, with a world of pathos in them; a sweet tremulous mouth, and a forehead sealed with Heaven's own look of patience. That was what I saw.

And it was what Hal Brainard saw, when, two minutes afterwards, he turned as I opened the door. I stole softly away and left them.

There is not a doubt that my old comrade was dreadfully to blame, somehow. But Thyrsa forgave him—and so do I.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

#### A CHINESE SONG.

HE saw in sight of his house,  
At dusk, as stories tell,  
A woman picking mulberries,  
And he liked her looks right well.

He struggled out of his chair,  
And began to beckon and call;  
But she went on picking mulberries,  
Nor looked at him at all.

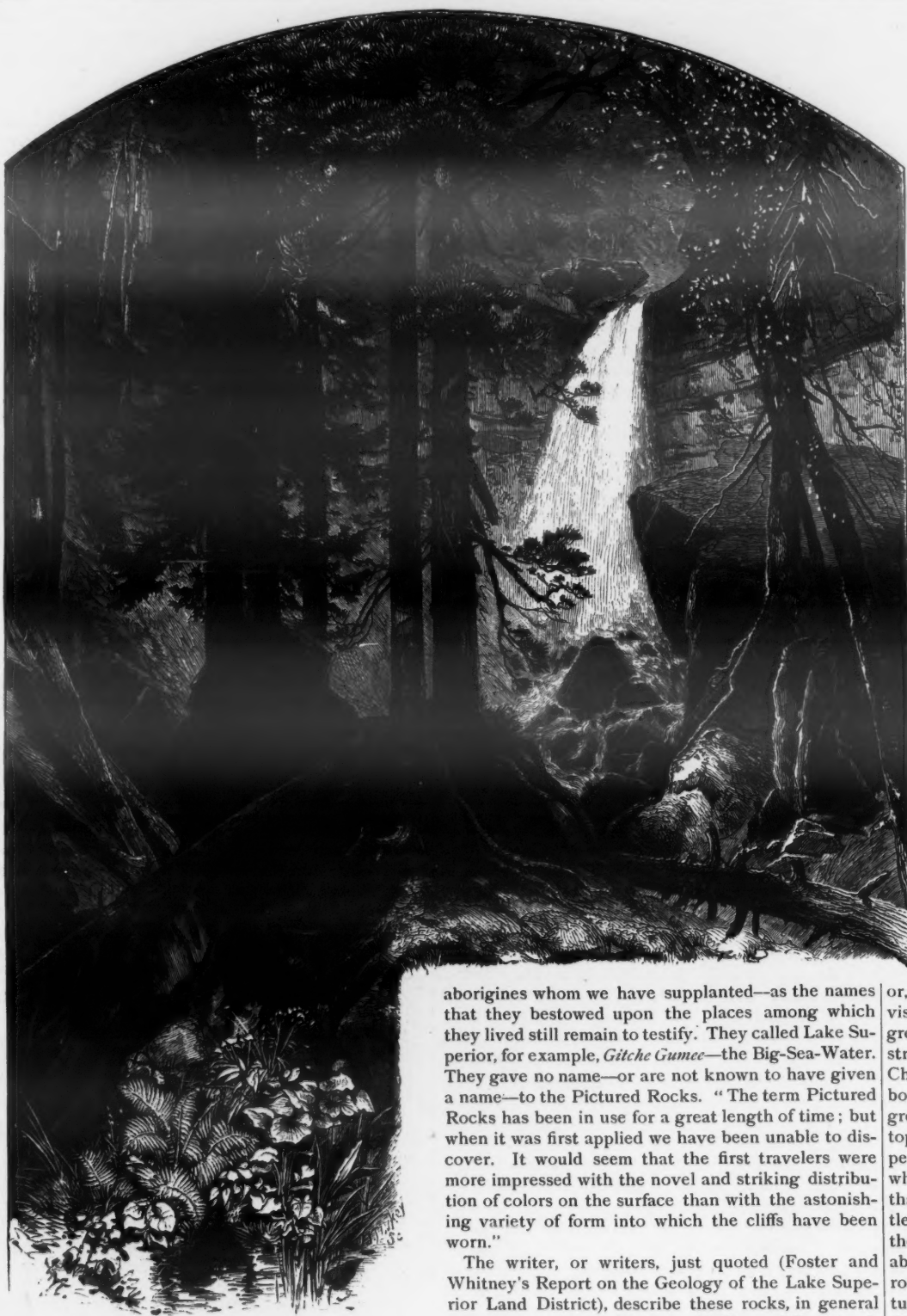
"If Famine should follow you,  
He would find the harvest in;  
You think yourself and your mulberries  
Too good for a Mandarin!

I have yellow gold in my sleeve."  
But she answered, sharp and bold—  
"Be off! Let me pick my mulberries,  
I am bought with no man's gold."

She scratched his face with her nails,  
Till he turned and fled for life;  
For the lady picking mulberries  
Was his true and virtuous wife!

—Henry Richards.





THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE southern shore of Lake Superior, especially the region around the Pictured Rocks, is haunted ground; for it is there that the scene of "The Song of Hiawatha" is laid. It is a fitting theatre for the strange and grotesque shapes with which the imagination of the Indians peopled it, and for the fantastic pranks which they performed thereon. The most characteristic of these is perhaps the Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, the Storm Fool—an incarnation of the sudden tempests to which the Lake is subject, and which, raging far and wide, end, in this particular myth, in the Pictured Rocks. If anything could convince us that the Indians were sensitive to Nature, it would be the choice of such a spot for such a catastrophe; but, unfortunately, we cannot be certain that it was choice, and not chance, that decided it. The facts are against us. The scenery, magnificent as it is, seems to have made no impression on their minds. If they felt the changeful beauty of the great Lake before them, and the grandeur of the primitive forest around them, there is no evidence of it in their legendary lore. They observed Nature, we know, but it was always for their own purposes, and never because they loved it. The love of Nature does not and cannot exist among savages; it is a growth of civilization—the growth of centuries of refinement. They were not without imagination, however—these mysterious

aborigines whom we have supplanted—as the names that they bestowed upon the places among which they lived still remain to testify. They called Lake Superior, for example, *Gitchie Gumee*—the Big-Sea-Water. They gave no name—or are not known to have given a name—to the Pictured Rocks. "The term Pictured Rocks has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travelers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs have been worn."

The writer, or writers, just quoted (Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District), describe these rocks, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs, or cliffs, extending along the shore of Lake Superior, and continue: "Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of a great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge—the lowering sky, the rising wind—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated, and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues. It is from the latter circumstance that the name by which these cliffs are known to the American traveler, is derived; while that supplied to them by the French voyageurs (*Les Portails*) is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity."

The colors in the Pictured Rocks are caused by the percolation of water through their crevices, im-

pregnated with iron and copper. They are spread in bands, which are extremely brilliant at certain seasons. The rocks are yellow sandstone, that has been worn by the action of water into the most fantastic shapes, and pierced into thousands of caverns that frequently bear the most remarkable resemblance to Gothic architecture. They are situated at a distance of about seventy miles from the Sault Ste. Mary, which, the reader need hardly be told, is at the eastern entrance to Lake Superior, where a ship canal connects its waters with those of Lake Huron. The line of cliffs extends about fifteen miles, and terminates at the eastern end in what is known as "The Grand Chapel." It stands about fifty feet above the present level of the lake, and its roof, which is arched, is supported by two gigantic and beautiful columns that appear to have been hewn and placed where they are by skillful hands. The backward reach of the roof rests upon the main cliff, and within the Chapel is the base of a broken column that is strongly suggestive of a pulpit. The roof is crowned with a growth of fir trees that maintain a terrible struggle for life with the storms which are so frequent here, and to which they are always exposed. About half a mile west of the Grand Chapel is "The Great Cave." A huge rectangular mass of sandstone, two hundred and fifty feet in height, projects from the general line of the cliffs some three or four hundred feet into the water. The main entrance to the Great Cave is on the lake side, through a beautiful arch one hundred and fifty feet in height; there are other entrances on the eastern and western sides, but they are smaller and less imposing. The interior is partially filled with the debris of the disintegrated walls, whose surfaces, perforated by hundreds of smaller caverns, are covered with a brilliant emerald moss. The roof of the Great Cave, owing to the horizontal strata of the rock, has broken away in immense concave circles, which are also covered with velvet green mosses, and lit up by reflected light from the water below. The water of the lake is of a bright green col-

or, and is so clear that small objects are distinctly visible at a depth of thirty or forty feet. Agates of great beauty are scattered plentifully along the small strips of sandy beach that reach from the Grand Chapel to the Great Cave. The cliffs in the neighborhood of the latter are covered with bands of red, green, and yellow, that run perpendicularly from the top to the water's edge, and resemble Venetian carpets of the richest dyes. Here is also "Sail Rock," which consists of two immense flakes of sandstone that have separated from the main shore, and at a little distance look like the sails of a large sloop. From the Great Cave to "Miner's Castle," a distance of about eight miles, an unbroken perpendicular line of rocks plunges into deep water; and woe to the unfortunate vessel that is caught by a nor'wester in the Channel between these dreadful walls and Grand Island! Its fate is inevitable. The only place where a landing can be effected is upon a small strip of beach sand at Miner's Castle. This example of natural masonry, so to speak, abounds with turrets, embrasures, and gateways supported by hundreds of colored columns, and is perhaps the most remarkable of the many resemblances to Gothic architecture by which the Pictured Rocks are distinguished. Bears, deer, beavers and mink are numerous here; wild grape-vines and other creepers decorate the great trees with festoons of fruit and flowers; and a picturesque waterfall tumbles from a high cliff into a forest of primitive growth. There are a few Indians on Grand Island, on the northern shore of which a light warns the mariner of the dangers of this rock-bound and storm-beaten coast.

The chief feature of the Pictured Rocks can only be represented by color, and must, therefore, be left to the imagination of the reader; enough remains, however, when this is subtracted, to startle the artist, and to call forth the utmost skill of his pencil. What they are, translated in black and white, Mr. Moran has shown us. His illustrations are full of power, and are strikingly suggestive of the wild and magnificent scenes in which the Pictured Rocks are set—the old forests by which they are crowned, and the stormy waters from which they rise. We understand, now, why the Indians considered the neighborhood haunted, and can almost realize the hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.





THE GREAT CAVE.—THOMAS MORAN.

## CRITICS.

THERE have been periods in history when critics, if they existed, did not flourish as now, and somehow or other the intellectual world was never so prosperous as then. The difference between Criticism and Art is, that one is a serious thing, which demands the knowledge of a life-time, while the other demands no knowledge at all. Byron hit the nail on the head in his well-known couplet,

"A man must serve his time to every trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

If this is true of the literary critic, it is doubly true of the art critic. Anybody can criticise art, and the artist cannot help himself when abused. There is no standard of opinion to which he can appeal, no bar of judgment before which he can bring his accuser; and if there were, what would it profit him? The jury would be certain to be ignorant—more ignorant, if possible, than his critic. Not many months since, a pretentious and, therefore, prominent journal proved, to the satisfaction of its critic, that the conception of Ward's Indian Hunter was stolen, and that his statue of Shakespeare was extremely faulty. This omniscient judgment passed muster with a few, until another critic, who deserved the name, since he took pains to inform himself in regard to what he wrote, proved to the satisfaction of all, that the other man was—critically

speaking, one of the numerous class who fearlessly rush in where angels fear to tread. If a writer can blunder so about a statue which he has seen (or can see, if he will go to the Central Park), what is he likely to do when he criticises a landscape with the scenery of which he is entirely unfamiliar? Church's "Heart of the Andes," for example—what can he know about that? The landscape-painter spends his summers in the country. He makes careful studies from Nature—studies of woods, water, clouds, skies, trees, flowers, mosses—studies, in short, of everything that interests him, and these he brings to the city when he returns, and interweaves in the pictures that he paints. They are exhibited, and subjected to the criticism of—whom? Not of men who have spent their summers as he has done, and may, therefore, be supposed to have a little knowledge of nature, but of anybody who chooses to fancy himself a critic! They have a saying at sea, when they are dissatisfied with their limited *cuisine*, "The Lord sends meat, and the devil sends cooks." It is not a reverent saying, perhaps, but it is a true one, and it applies to our studios as strongly as to our kitchens. "Your new Chromos are very nice," said one of these sagacious gentlemen to us, "but," (here he looked wise) "but they are not *real* Chromos." "What are they, then?" He could not say; but he was sure they were not real!

The relation between Art and Criticism is satirically

stated by Mr. Peter Moran in his amusing animal picture. His "Critics" are before subjects that they understand, as far as they can understand anything; they are before animals of their own species, possibly portraits of themselves. What do they think of themselves in paint? We don't know. They look wise, and they look dissatisfied. If Mr. Moran had only painted the bray of the donkeys,—or if they would only bray while we look at them—we should know what they think of his work. As it is, they are simply donkeys, which is just what most American artists consider their critics!

## HE IS LATE!

SHE watches at the porch,  
The sun is nearly down;  
What keeps her truant lord?  
He should be back from town.  
One short, sweet year ago  
He never made her wait,—  
As much too early then,  
As now he is too late!

Had Heaven bestowed on me  
That little lady there,  
Whom love has made so sad,  
And sadness made so fair,—  
Her hand, her cheek, her mouth  
Should not for kisses wait:  
Were that sweet armful mine,  
I never could be late!

—R. H. Stoddard.



## OUR NOSES.

PERHAPS there is no feature of the human countenance more neglected, more abused, than the nose. Painters are the only people who seem to do it full justice. Poets rarely mention it, except to make fun of it, when it is too long, or too short, or turned up at the end, or hooked like a hawk's bill, or twisted like a corkscrew; and even when they feel inclined to sing the fair proportions of a lovely Grecian, or a noble Roman, they dare not do it, for in the etiquette of true poesy "nose" is a vulgar word. As there is no synonym for it, except proboscis, snout, smeller, and similar ungraceful and indecorous terms, the most prominent, and one of the most useful of our facial ornaments is ruthlessly ignored by the very class who could do most to have it recognized and respected. Think of the liberality, the perfect lavishness with which they supply the lips and teeth with complimentary adjectives! See how they praise the dimpled chin;—and the dimple is only a little hole, after all. Then, the eye is lauded till the vocabulary is exhausted by the demands made upon it for words of eulogy; and the ear, the cheek, the forehead, are flattered with a recklessness that should make them and the flatterers all blush scarlet.

When I say that the painters are the only people who pay attention to the nose, I may be doing an act of injustice to another class who should not be overlooked. I mean the tipplers. Drinking is, no doubt, a bad habit; the absorption of fluids a better quality in a sponge than in a man, whether soaker or not; but that is neither here nor there. The constitutional tippler does, I say, do something toward bringing his nose into notice. He nourishes it until it is incarnadined like unto the multitudinous sea after a sanguinary fight—until it shines with the ruby radiance of a blood-red light against a pitch-black sky. Under his treatment, it waxes greater and greater day by day, and blooms, and blossoms, and bears numberless other noses which, though small, and as noses, of little or no use, are not to be sneezed at. Then, again, there are the pugilists, who improve the architectural features of each other's noses by means of dukes and other titled instrumentalities—by fibbing, milling, putting in chancery, and such like operations, which so alter the proportions of the noses thus dealt with that the Grecian becomes Ethiopic in form, and the stateliest Roman flattens out like the humblest Bæotian. Whether these changes tend to influence the moral character of the athletes so milled, fibbed, or otherwise acted upon, it behooves me not to conjecture; but I have in my mind's eye, one who has been honored by the people with substantial evidences of their most distinguished consideration, for no other apparent reason than that his nose, whose bridge was once a bony and cartilaginous Al Sirat, as to its height and width, was almost as completely leveled by his antagonist, as was that other bridge by the successor of the Emperor Trajan. The student of history will remember that Trajan threw this bridge across the blue Danube, to enable him to conquer the Dacians. Hadrian threw it down, that the Dacians might not cross upon it, and conquer him.

The particular nose of which I speak, is sometimes to be seen in the halls of Congress; sometimes in the great money mart of our metropolis; sometimes on the American *corso*, where the wind, and bottom, and speed of our Longfellows, Bassetts, Helmbolds, Goldsmith Maids, American Girls and Mountain Boys are tested; but at night you encounter it only at the bank, where tired men meet to effect the exchange of such bills, bonds, and other valuable securities as they have failed to dispose of during the day. This is the bank where no wild time grows, but where the precious hours between starlight and dawn vanish swiftly into the gloom of the Past. It is not a bank of issue, but of deposit, wherefrom but little of what you leave is ever returned to you. It is the only bank that exists without a charter. Its officers are not chosen on account of their ability as financiers, or because of their eminence as men of integrity and honor—for their oaths are not oracles. Their work is play, and their books unbound and unruled, but profusely illustrated

"With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves,"

they keep by single entry.

Here the owner of this nose reigns supreme; but among our rulers at Washington he is *rex nomine*

*magis quam imperis*. On the turf he is but one of many, and on Wall Street his growl or bellow produces no more commotion than that of any other bear or bull. It is only in the den of the tiger that his weight is felt.

Some one has called the face "the silent echo of the heart," and with good reason. The eye is eloquent, the dumb lips have a voiceless language of their own; the wrinkled forehead, the blushing cheek, the quivering chin—all are so many babbling gossips, publishing, in their quiet way, the secrets that the heart would fain keep hidden. But the nose is no less a truthful index. The expanding nostril, the sudden upward twitch of the tip, the uncanny contraction of the yielding base, have each a significance; and even when the body sleeps, and the mind rests in deepest slumber, "there's meaning in thy snores," O Nose!

The most prominent characteristics of the individual may often be determined by the shape of the nose, as readily as breeds of swine are distinguished by the snout.

A man with an ephippial, or saddle-shaped nose, is a treasure in the house. He always has a large mouth and good lungs, is fond of children, loves his wife, and is altogether a good fellow—one of those

"Rare compounds of oddity, frolic and fun,  
Who relish a joke and rejoice in a pun."

He whom nature has supplied with a pelecoid nose is as cold, keen and sharp as the hatchet after which it was modeled. He is generally a dyspeptic, and hates people. His eyes are small and usually fringed with very light lashes. They are round little orbs that snap at the sight of gold or the chink of silver. They never suggest the music of the spheres, for there is often with hatchet-nosed people a discord in the organ of vision which renders the thought of agreement or harmony an impossibility.

The pure Grecian nose is generally an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace; although, at rare intervals, one finds such a nose in the centre of a face whose other features all bespeak coarseness and vulgarity. It is the most deceptive of all noses. It often baffles the efforts of the acutest metoposcopists to read it aright, and is, of course, at certain times the kind of nose that no man knows.

When your eye rests upon a large-bodied aquiline, set between high cheek-bones, it generally takes in at the same glance a pair of gray eyes under shaggy brows that overhang them like beetling cliffs, a broad, high forehead, and heavy chin, and a mouth bounded by close-set lips that indicate firmness, and are rarely moved by the *zygomaticus major* to express either joy or sorrow, anger or delight. The most speaking feature of such a face is the nose. It tells of great powers of mind, it promises long life, it signifies that the possessor thereof is a man given to diplomacy. The man who calls that nose his own has the pertinacity of the bigot, the cunning of the courtier, the coolness of the gamester; yet, although his most brilliant deeds are marked by the dash, the *élan* of the Zouave, he has not the physical courage of the *malingre*, and would tremble at the sound of a passing bullet.

To him of the *nez retroussé* has been vouchsafed the faculty of providing for the future. Short as his nose is, it is long enough for him, and he rarely envies Tongilianus or Slawkenbergius. "*Il ne voit pas plus loin que son nez*" can never be said of him, unless, if the saying be taken in its literal sense, he is blind or extremely short-sighted; or unless, if it be applied figuratively, his brain has suffered severe injury. Most babies are brought into the world with pug noses. I remember seeing one, however, who was born with a Roman nose, and when I saw him I could not avoid recalling what Locke said about the Abbot St. Martin, whose peculiarities at birth "bespoke him rather monster than man."

There are various kinds of noses, and each is the index of character. An enumeration of the different sorts would fill a goodly volume. Those which I have just cursorily analyzed are, however, the most important varieties, nearly all the others being modifications of them.

It is a sad thing to lose one's nose, and fortunately but few people in our day are thus bereft. In the sixteenth century there must have been a great mortality among noses, for Taliacotius, a professor of surgery at Bologna, won great fame and fortune by supplying maimed patients with nasal organs made to order, by an operation practised only by himself. He cut "supplemental noses" from thighs and other fleshy parts of the sufferers' bodies; and Sir Kenelm

Digby, in his treatise on the Sympathetic Powder, gives the skilful surgeon his meed of praise for his service to humanity in inventing this method of ingrafting.

Rhinoplasty has been practised since Taliacotius's time with considerable success, but sometimes the art has been used, not for the benefit, but for the torment of mankind, as in the case of Hunks the miser. Hood tells us that Hunks refused to pay his dentist for pulling a torturesome tooth. The man of the forceps pleaded in vain, but having secured the recalcitrant debtor in the operating chair, and cut off his nose, he said to him, fiercely:

"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how  
We treat such cheating knaves as thou!  
Oh, sweet is this revenge to sup!  
I have thee by the nose—it's now  
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Hunks was sore dismayed.

"In fancy he beheld the snout  
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout,  
There was another grievance yet,  
And fancy did not fail to show it;  
That he must throw a summerset,  
Or stand upon his head to blow it."

At a time long anterior to this, the nose played a most important part in the human economy. Butler avers that

"Rosicrucian virtuosus  
Could see with ears, and hear with noses;"

and the Marquis of Worcester is said (on his own authority) to have discovered, among other wonderful things, the secret of how to use all the senses indifferently one for another. He could teach how to talk by colors, to read by the taste, and to hear by the nose. Lafeu, one of Shakspeare's Frenchmen, must have learned this secret, for, on an occasion of sorrow, he exclaimed with apparent sincerity:

"Mine eyes smell onions,"

and no one seems to have questioned the truth of his assertion. Another of Shakspeare's characters is said to have

"Gone to see a noise that he heard,"

which is a further evidence that the secret of the inventive Marquis was not buried with him.

But I doubt whether the interests of society would be subserved by a general interchange of the powers and functions of the senses. In Sir Thomas More's pleasant book about the Utopians, it is written of these happy, because reasonable people, "They do also entertain themselves with the other delights that they let in at their eyes, their ears, and their nostrils, as the pleasant relishes and seasonings of life which Nature seemeth to have marked out peculiarly for man; since no other sorte of animals contemplates the figure and beautie of the universe, nor is delighted with smells, but as they do distinguish meats thereby." The object of the good Sir Thomas was to induce men to put all their faculties to their proper use. Another writer of the olden time speaks in this wise: "True it is that the nose of man addeth much to his delight, in that thereby he knoweth pleasures whiche do neither come in at the eare, neither at the eye. But there be animals which do also eat with their noses, as witness the *murmecophaga* that men knowen by name ant-eater, by reason of that food which he loveth. And the elephant speaketh with his nose, the pig rooteth with his, and the rhinoceros with his doeth battle. Wherefore should man, then, seeke to do like unto these, seeing that he hath hands, mouth, and all other the faculties whereof he hath necessitie for the several works which the same were intended to perform?"

One of the basest uses to which the nose is ever degraded is as the outlet of a heavy sleeper's snores, or the snorts of a merry man who strives to stifle his mirth, or the sniffles of the schoolboy in dread of the rod; and to fill the nostrils with snuff is a vile practice, which deadens the snuff-taker's sensibilities, and renders his nose a most offensive object, that might otherwise be his chiefest pride. People can sneeze without snuffing. "The Rabbins," says an old philosopher, "relate how that, before the time of Jacob, men did sneeze onely once; and that then they did die forthwith. They saye, also, these same Rabbins, that the forenamed Jacob did, first of all men on the face of the earth, die by disease. That all other the people before Jacob, did, at one sneeze, give up the ghost. And Plutarch, in the life of Themistocles, telleth of this fact, that if, before armies did fighte, a man shoulde sneeze to the righte of him, the armie of that man shoulde gaine the victorie; but that a



sneeze to the left of him should bring defeat to that armie." And in those days there was no snuff.

To speak through the nose may be, in many cases, a matter of necessity; but to make it literally an organ, and to sing through it like Madame Eglantine, who, as Chaucer says,

"Sang the service devine  
Entuned in her nose ful swetely."

marks a vindictiveness of nature that is surely without mitigation or remorse. Sometimes we can tolerate a snore, as when the tired laborer's stertorations fill the air and shake the rafters; indeed, there is a sort of forced satisfaction—pleasure, even—in listening to the sound. The honest toiler has earned the right to snore, and how bravely he exercises it!

"Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard."

But singing and speaking through the nose, snorting, sniffing, and other unnatural noises which the nose is sometimes forced to make, are to all of us intensely disagreeable, and can, under no circumstances, be reconciled to our sense of harmony.

The people of ancient Persia were very partial to the aquiline nose, so much so that when two princes of the blood contended for the throne, they rejected him of the modest nose, and took for their ruler the elder brother, who gloried in a monstrous hawk's bill, which, seeing that it began in a line with the roots of his hair, and projected, as it were, from the centre of his forehead, was a very frontiroster. The new monarch, as might have been foreseen by the stupidest physiognomist, soon developed into a tyrant, and, after a short but cruel reign, was assassinated by his outraged subjects.

This is not the only instance in history of the influence of a nose upon the destinies of a nation. Queen Elizabeth would not marry the Duke d'Anjou, because she liked not the shape of his nose, and could detect faint evidences of a want of graceful uniformity in the proportions of his shoulders. This and other disappointments led her to determine never to marry, and she lived and died in single blessedness. But for that misshapen nose there would have been no Virgin Queen, and Virginia, the mother of Presidents, would have been known by another name; Raleigh, perhaps, would never have had the honor of introducing tobacco into Great Britain; Essex would not have been the favorite of the Queen, and might have lived to a good old age, and died in his bed honored and mourned as one of England's best and wisest sons; and the world would have been spared the infliction of Scottish James, with his impotent wit and his mountebank wisdom. And just think how different might have been the fate of poor Queen Mary, and how much more honored to-day the memory of the cruel Elizabeth!

Titus, the Roman emperor who took Jerusalem, was blest with a large nose. One of his biographers says of him, in quaint phrase: "For his blaspheming and evil speaking he was visited with great trouble, which dured for a long season—to wit: There entered into his nostril a brazen fly, that did eate into his braine. At the ende of seven yeares the doctors did open Titus his head, and in the same did finde this brazen flye that had claws of iron, and it was of the bigness of a birde." He winds up his story with this warning: "They that blaspheme and speak evil things, and that work evil deeds, they shoulde all be plagued with flies; but learned men saye that they shall all come to that Baalzabub—which name, being interpreted, meaneth the Prince of Flies."

In various far-away places the people make strange uses of their nose. For example, in Lapland they salute by rubbing their noses together, just as friendly horses do. In Peru the damsels of the native class hang rings to their noses, as husbandmen do to the snouts of swine. The custom renders the use of the pocket-handkerchief impossible; but I have heard that among this class of Peruvian belles the handkerchief is unknown. In some countries it is the fashion for mothers to break the noses of their children at birth; in others they train them to grow flat by binding them down to the face until the members are set. It was for a long time a custom in our land for boys defiantly inclined, or given to practical joking, to answer a demand by twirling the fingers around the nose, making the thumb a pivotal centre and the nose the point around which the fingers gyrated. They accompanied this movement with the expression, "In a horn," uttered in a loud voice, as they fled from the threatened wrath. This custom the boys borrowed from the Romans (*Juvenal, Sat. 3,*

36; *Horace, Epistles, 18, 66*). But these ancient poets do not mention the Roman boy's allusion to the horn, and the origin of the modern expression is therefore buried in obscurity.

The nose has in all times been a fruitful topic with poets of a light and sportive turn, who have not hesitated to make game of the most exalted men on account of their frontal prominences. Ovid's nose gave him a nickname, and the Duke of Wellington's, in later days, was the subject of numerous epigrams, in which paronomasia was practised to the fullest extent. For example:

"Pray, why does the great Captain's nose  
Resemble Venice? Duncombe cries.  
'Why,' quoth Sam Rogers, 'I suppose  
Because it hath a Bridge of Sighs.'"

One who was given to the vice of snuffing, thus addressed the organ which was the vehicle of his delight:

"Knows he that never took a pinch,  
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows?  
Oh, Nose, I am as proud of thee  
As any mountain of its snows;  
I gaze on thee and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!"

But the following, from the pen of Charles Hallock, is the wittiest poetical tribute ever paid to the nose, and seemingly the heartiest withal:

"Oh, Nose! chief feature of the human face!  
To whom each varying visage justly owes  
Its quaint excess of ugliness or grace,  
'Tis meet to give thee prominence and place,  
And make thee, too, the feature of my song;  
Oh yes, the feature of my song, oh Nose!"

"Then tune thee, organ, though in senseless strain;  
Accompanying with a light catarrh,  
My wheezy muse shall join the strange refrain,  
And blow the bellows for thy fa, sol, la.  
Alack! that in our first acquaintance, Nose,  
We should so readily have come to blows!"

"I'll follow thee, my nose, in blind reliance,  
As dauntless seamen track an unknown main—  
Bid the wild winds and angry waves defiance,  
With thee for compass, dial, index, vane;  
I'll mock when dire vicissitudes arise,  
With thee, my pole star, aye before mine eyes."

"The ruby light beams forth like beacon-blaze,  
Or heat of inward crater all aglow;  
Thou art a censor of the public ways,  
In whatsoever path thou chance to go.  
Thus, Sheridan, the chief of wits and beaus,  
Did make a nosegay erst of his gay nose."

"He filched the subtle hue from reddest wine,  
And robbed the mellow punch-bowl of its bloom,  
Until at length his nose grew aquiline,  
Through being bent for lack of beaker-room.  
A nasal bridge of such portentous size  
Might well sustain a punch between the eyes."

"And yet, indeed, thou art a goodly nose—  
No common snub or overgrown proboscis,  
But such a nose as everybody knows  
Is fitted for the functions of its office.  
Here, then, I pause; I've wasted words enough  
On one that seems acutely up to snuff."

"Oh, most sagacious nose! most potent nose!  
When friends desert, and bright presages fail;  
When life's best hours are fraught with bitter woes,  
That fain would make the stoutest-hearted quail;  
When nought turns up to succor or befriend,  
Thou'rt sure, my nose, to turn up in the end!"

"Thus words are vain to trumpet forth thy praise;  
One brazen note from that strange lute of thine,  
One of thy deep stertoratory brays  
Would do thee justice more than pen of mine;  
Yet, if my muse doth fail in aught to please,  
He fain will make my devoirs with his knees."

It is a great pity that the follies, and vices, and crimes of men have too often made of the nose an instrument of vituperation and insult. It has been taught disgraceful tricks, and has thus been degraded. The Lord Chamberlain says to Lord Sands, in King Henry VIII:

"As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold them you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they kept state so."

Time has made no change in the tendency to convey disagreeable hints and suggestions by means of the nose; and you may often be angered by the impertinent twist, or the haughty and supercilious upward bend of some little man's nose, without ever having offered the slightest provocation. Is it any wonder, then, that the nose is made to serve as the

handle whereby vengeance shall be wreaked upon the offender? To pull a nose, whether it be as smooth and bulbous as a new potatoe, or as amorphous and rough as an echinocactus, is a dire insult frequently resented *vi et armis*, and to the much pain and misery of the insulter; but when it comes, as it has come to us, that

"Our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,"

we have allowed the blind goddess to meet with an indignity that should be atoned for, even at the expense of life itself.

—Guth Brittle.

#### THE LADY'S HERO.

THE ancient rhyme which relates the experience of him who, first meeting his bride

"On Gretna Green, in velvet sheen,"  
instantly  
"Took up a stick to pound her,"

very well expresses the rule of life adopted by that gentleman concerning whom we wish, if possible, to say a few words.

We well know that there are women's books, into the pages of which he is never allowed to intrude.

To Miss Austin he is unknown, and Miss Edgeworth's unreasonably reasonable heroines are ignorant of him. No creature can be more unlike the ideal beings whom our childhood worshipped in the pages of Miss Porter and Fanny Burney. Noble Wallace, beloved Thaddeus of Warsaw, admirable Lord Orville—what would you have said to St. Elmo, or Messrs. Lanaholm, Carlton, Gwynne and Co.?

So far as we remember, there is but one objection to Thaddeus, Wallace, and the rest; they were apt to be a little long-winded, not to say "high-faluting;" but welcome the most soaring sentiments rather than the equally long-winded, but far more tiresome incivilities and lectures of the lady's hero.

Was he ever seen in real life? If so, it must have been in some law-abiding district, for his behaviour is of such a character that in California and the West his life would not be safe for an hour from a justly enraged people. To speak seriously, it is really a very singular thing, that the ideal man, as conceived by so many women of talent, should be so entirely without the feelings, the manners and customs of a gentleman.

The lover, as depicted in their pages, never for one instant forgets his own precious self. He is thoroughly a prig. To him the sentiment of love, as portrayed by the poets, by Scott or by Thackeray, seems as unknown as to those savages who secure their brides by waylaying them, and knocking them senseless with a club.

Sometimes he swears and drinks; sometimes he is very pious, after a pattern evolved out of his own inner consciousness, rather than from the gospel; but, whether ruled by vice or virtue, he is always a prig.

He offers his lady-love—often a very nice girl—no pretty attentions; he never takes her to ride, or to the play, or to a concert; he gives her no flowers, no nice little presents; he never—if we may speak Irish—makes a fool of himself in a sensible, manly fashion, but in a way of his own, so odious that any girl of sense or spirit would snub him, and send him to the right-about in no time.

His chief characteristic is an inflexible will, which sticks out all over him, and into every one else, perpetually and continually. He conquers by a glance, a tone, and all his "women folks" give way before him,

"As waves before the bark divide."

Does any one's experience lead him to think that such is the usual course of events? Does any innocent youth imagine that he can win his lady-love's favor by a persistent course of rudeness, insult, and systematic coldness and lecturing? We would not advise him to try the experiment, unless he is willing to lose his chances altogether, or eat the very humblest possible pie.

Here, for instance, is the Rev. Harold Gwynne, in Miss Muloch's "Olive," rather a mild specimen of his class. "Harold Gwynne, though not above mediocre height, was considerably above mediocre beauty; but there was a certain rigidity and harshness in his mien, a slightly repellent atmosphere around him." He had "a grand, noble head"; his eyes "were steel-grey and diamond-clear"; he "carried his head very erect, and those eyes of his seemed unable to rest on the ground—they were *always* (sic) turned upward with a glance, not reverent or dreamy, but eager, inquiring, piercing as truth itself."



This, of course, is the man for poor Olive; who, however, before she comes to him, has another offer from an old painter, who "roughly" addresses her as "fool," because she, like a good girl, says she must stay with her mother. Olive is an artist; the author calls her a "young paintress."

She falls in love with Harold, who, though a clergyman of the Church of England, singular to say, brings up his little girl never to hear the name of God. How he managed the matter is not explained.

We are informed that he was "a gentleman"—even in italics, "*a gentleman*"—and, "wherever he came, he seemed to say: I rule—I am master here." And he masters Olive to the end of the book. He, moreover, has the rather unpleasant peculiarity, that "his steps seemed less to tread than to *crush* the ground." Finally it comes out that, while making his living out of the Christian religion, Mr. Gwynne has no sort of belief in the whole thing, a course of action which, in some very fastidious circles, might rather disrate him as a gentleman and a man of honor. It seems, however, that, though a highly-educated, able-bodied man, and provided, moreover, with "an inflexible will," he was obliged either to enter the ministry, or "let his mother starve."

Of course Olive converts him; but, before it comes to that, he goes off as tutor abroad, and leaves his old mother alone. He tells Olive:

"Men often act so. Human affections to us are secondary things. We scarce need them, or, when our will demands, we can crush them from our hearts thus,"—and he stamped fiercely on the ground.

Finally, after trying and torturing poor Olive in every possible way, he breaks a blood-vessel. She nurses him, and he finally condescends to marry her.

"Agatha's Husband" is another of the same sort—a man who subjects his little wife to annoyance and discomfort, and gives her every reason to think him mean and avaricious, out of magnanimous self-sacrifice to a scamp to whom he is under no sort of obligation. Charlotte Brontë's heroes, though all marked with the stamp of her genius, are still of the same type and character.

"The Professor" seems not only never to practice, but never to have heard of the ordinary amenities which men observe toward women. His first address to the poor governess-pupil, when she makes her entrance, is to tell her, in "an irritable tone," that she has come too late, and must be more punctual next time. Of course he never pays her a compliment; hardly ever says a pleasant word, and though offering her some practical kindness, is never civil. He proposes in a manner, compared to which the course adopted by a young Pawnee is perfectly Grandisonian, is accepted, and then, having a fit of the blues, does not go near her or write to her for a fortnight. Paul Emanuel, by far the most lovable of Charlotte Brontë's men, does not make his domineering so offensive; but Louis Moore and Shirley are always playing the rôle of master and pupil. Robert, when he finally proposes to the dear, charming Caroline, after having nearly killed her, has not the delicacy, or sufficient sense of the fitness of things, to keep to himself the fact, that he has all the while observed her affection; but with wonderful obtuseness asks her "if she can forgive him what he has made her suffer?"

We think it no exaggeration to say, that six women out of ten would have so resented the words as to have given a flat refusal, even if still unfortunate enough to be in love with the man.

From Mr. Rochester it is unnecessary to quote. We could endure him for once, but we cannot forgive him for being the forerunner and original of a long line of heroes, who have apparently nothing to recommend them but the manners and morals of Mr. Bill Sykes, and persistent rudeness and brutality toward every woman whom they happen to fancy.

St. Elmo, that charming man, is the flower of this family. "For fifteen years," we are informed, "noth-

of which the roughest "rough" would be ashamed, reproaches her that "she made a crowning sacrifice of maiden modesty, and owned she loved him." She, being infatuated, tries to hold him to his promise; but he tells her that he is going off for a year, and that she will not hear from him during that time; but that if he does not utterly forget her for some one else, and that if she "stands the test," he will, gracious creature—marry her.

This course of action he adopts because "the pestilence of slavery lurks in the air and infects him;" and also because, of all things on earth, he must preserve "his self-respect"! We are told, however, that in Adam Warwick, "under all the defects, the Master's eye saw the grand lines that were to serve as models for the perfect man!"

We wish it had been explained by what miracle, if Ottilia possessed brother or friend, this undeveloped model of perfection escaped from Charleston without the castigation he so richly merited.

Then there is Rutledge, "into whose face few men or women, much less girls or children, ever looked without feeling that they saw their master, and all thought of resistance to his will or stubborn maintenance of their own vanished at once." There is the long line of heroes who owe their being to the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" heroes who are only a weaker form of Mr. Rochester and St. Elmo, *minus* the vices, and *plus* the piety, which we cannot think is, in their case, any improvement.

We have known several very good religious young men in our day, but they have generally been very pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, quite unlike the hero in the "Old Helmet," Mr. John Humphreys, Mr. Winthrop Lanaholm, or that wonderful young officer in "My Brother's Keeper," for whose light-minded brother-in-law we have a deep sympathy.

We think we should like to see the lady's hero in the army acting out his nature, because his instant and entire suppression would be so certain, and we should so delight to behold it.

Mr. Lanaholm, after a long bewilderment of five hundred and odd pages, gets engaged to a very nice girl. He takes the earliest opportunity of giving her a lecture on discipline; and when she tells him that she presumes he is right about that, or anything else, this model young man gives her a slip of paper with "little children, keep yourselves from idols."

"To her it was a thrust as with a barbed weapon;" and

when she looks up, all hurt, flushed and tearful, we are told "that he looked apparently no more concerned than if old Karen had lifted her face to his;" and it is the strangest thing that the author evidently thinks this hardness and stupidity a wonderful instance of noble and manly character.

Really one would suppose that these books were written to exemplify the brutal old English proverb—  
"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,  
The more you beat 'em the better they be."

Mr. Rhys, the young Methodist clergyman in the "Old Helmet," so affects the beautiful and aristocratic heroine, already engaged to another gentleman, that, in order to hear him preach, she deceives her mother, and runs away, alone at night, to a barn meeting, the poor lady supposing all the while that her daughter is watching with a sick woman.



HE IS LATE!—TAVERNIER.

ing but oaths, jeers, and imprecations had passed his lips." But we can pardon much to a man whose lady-love talks in mixed society about "the mysteries of the cabiri."

Adam Warwick, in "Moods," after a month's engagement to a pretty girl in Charleston, asks:

"How much would you do for love of me?"

"Anything."

"Then, give me my liberty."

Ottilia does not want to do it.

"Warwick put her away, speaking with the stern voice of one who fears a traitor in himself," and lectures her; and "Ottilia bends before it as though resolved to endure all things meekly for love's sake."

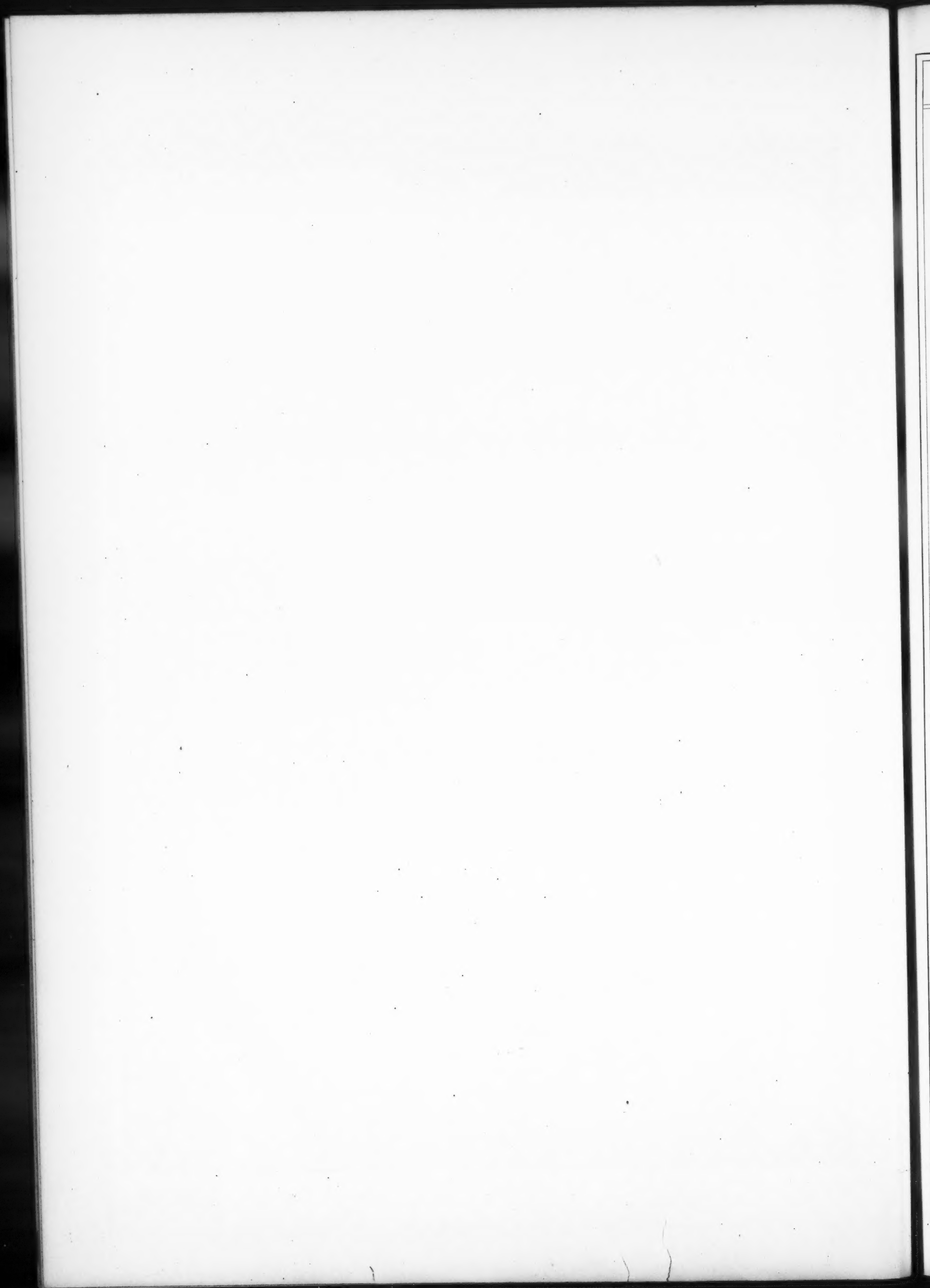
He gives no sort of reason for dishonoring his word, except that his love is "spiritual slavery," and that, in short, he feels that way; and, with despicable meanness,





THE CRITICS.—PETER MORAN.







Ernest, in that very popular book "Stepping Heavenward," is another specimen. We have seen many less pious men, according to the author's idea of piety, who had far more sense of duty, and were more considerate towards their wives. They might not have so many fine sentiments on hand, but they would have taken the trouble to consult their wives before inflicting upon them a disagreeable sister, and the care of an ill-tempered, exacting father, before whom the poor little woman must not laugh, because he disapproves of all levity.

"Be pitiful, be courteous," is a text of which the lady's hero appears never to have heard, and his manners toward women are of a sort that would hardly be tolerated in any civilized circle.

It is to us quite incomprehensible that this strange monster should owe his creation entirely to the feminine brain; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and we are sorry for it.

—Clara F. Guernsey.

#### LADY DE SADE'S CHAPLET.

From the German of Elise Polko.

IN the year 1751 the venerable curé of St. Roche came into the possession of a wonderful relic, bequeathed to him by a female relative who had died in the convent at Avignon, and of which it pleased all Paris to speak for a month at least. It was the chaplet of the cold-hearted mistress of the most famous sonnet-writer the world has produced—of Petrarch's fair-haired Laura, spouse of the Knight Hugo de Sade. To the string of beads was attached a faded piece of parchment, inscribed, as was supposed, with various hitherto unknown episodes in the life of the beautiful woman, which the shrewd priest studied in private with the closest attention. The manuscript informed you, at the beginning, that the chaplet had been consecrated by Pope Clement II., himself, when he visited his beloved Avignon, to confer there with Charles of Luxemburg. The beads looked as if a thousand tears had dropped upon them; they were faded and worn, as though trembling fingers had convulsively pressed them together numberless times. Many lovely eyes (and at that time there was no dearth of lovely eyes in Paris) had already viewed this relic, and many sweet lips had kissed it, for the belief was current that such a view and such a kiss would preserve one from every misfortune in love. Others believed that they would make one young, and forever charming, as the Lady de Sade had herself been; and some made bold to declare that a kiss upon the thumb beads of the much-loved and much-honored Laura would insure to the maiden or wife the eternal fidelity of lover or husband. It was, therefore, matter of no surprise that the venerable curé saw devout female visitors, veiled and veiless, entering at all hours of the day the little chamber where Laura's chaplet, fastened to the pages of a missal, was exposed to view. The pious father could not refrain at times from slightly drawing away the curtain which covered the round window in the door of his own adjoining cell, and thus observing the visitors. Some examined the relic in silence and smilingly, and then stole noiselessly away (they were the happy ones, who had no wishes); others kissed it with fervor, sighed, and might also be seen wringing their hands. These things very often interrupted the curé of St. Roche in "The History of the Saints," which it was his habit to read in leisure hours, and yet he must needs look there again and again. At the court of Louis XV. they would hear tell of this chaplet with the same pleasure as in the little chamber of the poor seamstress; and the beautiful Madame de Châteauroux, the King's *maitresse*, positively besieged the Duke of Richelieu with her questions concerning a poor poet's lady-love, of whom, centuries after her death, it was still known what dresses she had most loved to wear. The high-born ladies of St. Germain consulted books of all kinds in their eagerness to read of the fair-haired Lady de Sade, of whom scarcely anything had hitherto been known; and pretty grisettes of the Quartier Latin did not tire of questioning their young friends upon Laura's history.

The lively and general interest thus evinced even led, in a strange manner, to a kind of truce in a violent contention that had arisen shortly before between the actresses of the Théâtre Français. It was the intention of the manager to produce Voltaire's celebrated "Zaïre" upon the approaching anniversary of De Châteauroux's christening day; but with a new distribution of the parts, Madeline Goussin, for whose charming face and figure the poet had written this

piece eighteen years previously, having in process of time grown very portly, and being troubled with shortness of breath. Despite these circumstances, she clung with might and main to this character, in which she had achieved her greatest triumphs, and the assembled host of her former admirers ranged themselves under her uplifted banner. As her rival, appeared the daughter of the once celebrated Madame Hus, Laura, scarce seventeen years of age, and the prettiest, most graceful creature in Paris. After long and fruitless contests in words, it had finally been agreed that the poet himself should act as arbitrator in the difference. That gentleman, no longer in the prime of life, was evidently in no enviable position, assailed with entreaties and tears by both ladies. He could not so grossly insult Goussin, to whose acting and person "Zaïre" had once owed the greatest share of its success, as to take away the part from her; and yet, with little Laura Hus he was so delighted that he would have greatly liked to earn her gratitude. He at length determined to put a speedy end to his painful situation by most solemnly promising the rôle of "Zaïre" to little Laura, if she would, in return, promise to give him a kiss before the entire *personnel* of the theatre. That Laura would not recoil at such a little scene, when upon it depended the realization of the highest wish of her life, namely, to gain the longed-for stage of the Théâtre Français, he never for an instant doubted; the young actress was a true child of the times, and not particularly rigid in matters of this kind. She was not niggard of her seductive looks and enchanting smiles—of this the poet was a daily witness—and by this lavishness she almost hourly increased the number of her adorers. Yet there was one among the latter who was beside himself at such prodigality—a man who to this hour had alone loved Laura Hus, who had been so happy as to see her upon a small stage only, and who was now to show his greatest treasure to the fashionable world, a Parisian fashionable world of 1751. This man was Hugo de Berthin, the handsomest captain in the royal life-guards. On first hearing of Laura's wish to appear at the Théâtre Français, he used all the power of eloquence, all the might of the tenderest love, to shake the resolve of his worshipped one; but in vain. The ambitious little Laura seemed intoxicated by the idea of displacing a Goussin, and occupying her much-envied place. During this period of excitement came the news of Lady de Sade's relic, and for a whole week, even Laura Hus, forgetting the rôle and costume of "Zaïre," spoke to the old poet and to her young lover of the sonnets of Petrarch, and of his lady-love's violet-wrought dress. Then there was hot disputing on the boasted angelicalness of Laura de Sade, and the men loudly lauded this most true and virtuous of mistresses—yet, in secret, they would much rather have had the most restless of vixens for a mistress than this lady with the marble brow. At these conversations little Laura Hus would get violently impatient, and she admitted quite unreservedly that she hated that icy Laura. She was not at all in a hurry to see the relic. "I am as sure of your loyalty," she sportively said, one evening, to the handsome Berthin, "as the Lady de Sade was of the loyalty of her tiresome lover. But I advise you to kiss the beads of the extolled Laura; for next Monday, at the rehearsal of 'Zaïre,' I mean openly to commit the first breach of constancy against you. I am going to gain Goussin's place by means of a kiss, which poor Voltaire has made a condition. Isn't that a low price for such a triumph?"

But, thereupon, the handsome captain of the guards most solemnly protested that he would never allow her to pay such a price; nay, that he would sooner send a ball through his heart, and fall dead at the feet of his mistress. As truly as no man's lips ever defiled the Lady de Sade's countenance, so the mouth of another should never touch that of his Laura.

"Again and again this saint," muttered little Laura, pressing her hands together in anger and excitement. "Pray, who has told you that, in reality, she never suffered any man to kiss her?"

"The historian," replied the desperate lover, secretly glad at having on a sudden found so miraculous a means to prevent the engagement of the charming lady of his thoughts at the Théâtre Français; "and until you have proved to me, clear as day, that your namesake publicly suffered the kiss of any other save her husband, I command you to think no more either of Arouet Voltaire or of 'Zaïre.' If, on the other hand, you were to bring me such proof, I should myself accompany you to the rehearsal, and beg you to keep your promise."

What was said after this disclosure the charming actress's little Abigail was unable to tell, as the arrival of a friend had prevented her listening longer at the door. She only reported that Monsieur de Berthin had rushed off like a madman, and that her mistress had spent the whole night in tears. Poor Laura! she was only seventeen, and really loved the captain of the guards; but Goussin's place at the Théâtre Français—could she resign it?

Now it chanced on the following day—it was at twilight in the month of November, the first snow-flakes were flying against the panes, the fire was burning in the grate, and the pious curé of St. Roche had just ceased reading in the manuscript left him by the deceased nun of Avignon—that a very small hand tapped at his door, and a lady, with a black veil over her face, hastily entered. She could not have come on a visit to the chaplet, otherwise the old housekeeper would not have shown her to him; so she was probably a burdened soul desiring spiritual aid. The unknown threw back her veil, and bowed low before the reverend man, and, indeed, it would have been a pity had she not raised her veil; for a more charming face the eyes of the curé had never yet met, though it did just then look very red with weeping.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, pious father," she said, in a soft voice, "and though I am a wicked child of the world, pardon my intention to disturb you even longer than all the devout ladies who have kissed your relic; but I believe that not one of them all had a greater sorrow than I, and that none was so greatly in need of assistance, and of your assistance. Will you grant it me?" She began to sob with so much emotion and tenderness, and looked up to him so seductively, that the reverend father felt rather strange.

"I will do all in my power for you, my daughter," he gently answered, pointing to a wooden chair, a short distance from him. She seated herself in silence. The housekeeper brought a taper, and placed it upon the table. The door having again closed behind her, the stranger whispered: "I pray you, by the salvation of my soul, reverend father, to tell me whether you are more closely acquainted with the history of that Lady de Sade, whose chaplet has been sent to you, than are the historians who have written of her."

"I indeed believe so, my daughter, since I have read those notes by an unknown hand, which the late nun, Caritas, sent me, together with the beads."

"Then tell me one thing. Was she really and truly a saint, who never felt the emotions of earthly love, whose heart was never scorched by the flames of passion; who never, never during her whole life by her lord's side, suffered another to press a kiss upon her brow? Oh, bethink yourself, pious father! You will save a soul from perdition! No, no; that Laura dare not have been a saint!"

With a look of anguish, she stretched out her hands supplicatingly toward him; a painful unrest crossed her features. But a gentle smile played about the lips of the venerable curé of St. Roche. He had already reached those heights of peace where such storms as now appeared to lay waste the heart of this young creature, were no longer able to touch him. As the clouds sail deep below the sunny crest of the mountains, so did the memories of the trials and battles his soul had gone through move past him, leaving nothing behind in that pious heart but infinite pity for those who were still battling and suffering. And therefore he now said, softly and tenderly:

"I know not what makes you so restless and sad; but, in answer to your question, I will give you a picture from the history of that fair-haired Lady de Sade, which I have borrowed from this old manuscript here. The historians have made a singular creature of Petrarch's Laura: her portrait has been well drawn; but that the halo surrounding her brow is indeed of pure gold, I first know since I have perused the bequest of the nun of Avignon. Listen, my daughter."

Did she listen? The light of the taper fell full upon her slender figure and youthful countenance. They were precious lights and shadows that danced up and down during the reverend man's recital; and he related slowly, for was it not rarely he had such female auditors? Her folded hands rested upon her knees as she sat there, inclining slightly forward, so that her long, powdered locks hung freely beside the arching neck. Her black eyes were riveted upon the narrator, and the delicately-formed lips very soon showed a slight, dreamy smile. Her fur-trimmed cloak had fallen toward the carved back of her chair; on both sides of the seat rose her light-green silk dress, having become just so much displaced below



as to permit quite a wonderful little foot to be seen, in a gaiter bordered with red, which had boldly propped itself upon a huge folio—"The Lives of the Popes." The reverend father should of right have drawn away this book, and substituted a footstool; but who knew whether the tiny foot would have felt equally comfortable there? And besides, the reverend man said, to console himself, none of the holy fathers would have chidden him for being touched by such a foot. And he spoke as follows:

"The bells of the Cathedral of Santa Clara, at Avignon, were ringing forth mighty peals; the streets and squares of this favorite city of Clement II. were filled by a surging multitude, restlessly crowding and streaming toward the square in front of the Pope's palace. Avignon, on that day, the eleventh of July of the year 1346, celebrated a joyous festival. Charles of Luxemburg—the handsome, chivalric prince—had a few hours before sworn to the Pope to respect the conditions which insured him the crown they were designing to take from the head of the Emperor Louis IV. The people's hearty sympathies were with the son of that John of Bohemia who had died a hero's death at the battle of Crecy; for he had

script says, many a lovely face, many a bewitching form; and the dukes and nobles of Charles's suite stood as though entranced, and never wearied of admiring and wondering. Even the dignitaries of the Church, who flew into and out of the palace like bees, lowered their eyes but slowly and hesitatingly as they swept through the compact rows of the daughters of old Avignon. Like roses from out frowning masonry did the charms of the Avignonese shine upon the beholder. This all the historians say. It seemed as if the strange, gloomy city, with its spires and gables, its walls and bridges, its gates and arched gardens, its dark courts and arcades, had been specially entrusted with the greatest treasure of earth—the marvel-flower of female beauty.

"Proudly conscious of being the possessors of such a treasure, the husbands, fathers, and brothers of the women bore themselves with heads erect, and eyed the strangers defiantly, as though they would say: 'Who shall dare wrest them from us?' A solemn silence pervaded the wide ante-chamber; no one ventured to speak in a loud tone, for at any moment *he*, the young King, might appear upon yonder broad steps, covered with purple velvet, which led from

now upon the portals which were to open for the King.

"And at last the gilded bars and bolts were withdrawn, and, amid the braying of trumpets, Charles of Luxemburg appeared upon the threshold, saluted smilingly in every direction, and then slowly descended the steps. After him pressed a glittering crowd, in clerical and secular vestments—a most splendid frame for the noble figure of the King.

"At the lowest step were the heralds, with their batons, leading the noblest-born to the young sovereign, and women and men bowed low, and the proudest names of the land were called. But the King's air was distracted; his eagle glance flew scrutinizingly over the multitude, and the charmingly-adorned women in proximity to him received only a hasty smile. And at last he interrupted the solemn presentation of the magnates by saying, abruptly:

"If the noble Lady Laura, consort of Hugo de Sade, be present, the King prays her to vouchsafe him the sight of her countenance."

"A murmur of astonishment ran through the throng, and like the waves of a lake did the figures



A FRENCH FOREST.—BERNIES.

grown up in the capital of the country, in Paris. It was said of him, that he was just as brave as gallant, and that he handled the lute with no less skill than the sword. When not dealing fierce blows to his enemies, he loved song, fine verses, and fair women; and the men feared him, not alone as a conqueror in war, but also during the profoundest peace; for it was currently believed that no mortal woman could resist the fiery looks of Charles of Luxemburg. The nobility and clergy were blindly devoted to him, since he tried hard to please both, promising to grant them various advantages and privileges as soon as the imperial purple should be thrown over his shoulders; the humble man loved him, because, wheresoever he did but show himself, there gold was ever scattered with a lavish hand; and the women of every station favored him, because he was well versed in the ensnaring art of fair speech. Numbers of women consequently showed themselves in the streets, and smiled and saluted from balconies and window-arches, which were all magnificently carpeted and festooned with roses and pomegranate blossoms. The noblest inhabitants of Avignon had, however, assembled in the spacious halls of the Papal palace, with their wives and daughters, and begged the favor of being presented with due ceremony to the future young Emperor. Here might also be seen, as the old manu-

the hall. The halberdiers, in their richly-wrought, blue tabards, had already taken up their position; the handsome pages hastened busily hither and thither; the nobles highest in rank were marshalling themselves in the front row, with their wives; and upon many a spotless brow impatient expectation was to be seen. Only in one of the deep embrasures still stood a group of men, speaking unconcernedly with one another, and casting a look upon the bustle within, or down into the street, where the people were swaying to and fro. One was conspicuous among the rest, standing there like a young prince in the beauty of his form, with his proud brow, his black, sparkling eyes, his sweet smile, and the auburn locks that fell in soft ringlets down to his lace collar. Many a look flew toward him, and dwelt with delight upon his countenance. It was the much-honored poet, Francesco Petrarca, of Arezzo, whose verses are as brilliant as the sun of his country. The eyes of the celebrated man, like his heart, were, however, constantly turned toward a single spot, to the graceful figure of a woman who, lost in the crowd, stood in the lower part of the hall, where the lesser nobles, with their spouses, had found a place. Her eyes were lowered; a silver coronet glittered in her golden hair. By her side, as if appointed her guardian, stood a stern man, looking now upon the beautiful woman,

recede, so that a long lane was formed, through which, leaning upon her consort's arm, walked the fair lady with the coronet of silver. At a beck of the King the women and men stepped aside. Her eyes lowered, and her cheeks overspread with a deep pallor; thus did the Lady de Sade await the address of her King. But not until some minutes had elapsed, during which he had surveyed her with admiration, did Charles of Luxemburg ask:

"Are you, then, in truth that Laura so gloriously sung of Petrarch, my favorite, the greatest of poets?"

"And while she softly replied, 'I am,' she raised her head with a movement so full of mingled pride and humility, as fairly to enrapture the King. She wore a garment of green silk, profusely wrought with violets. Her black eyes were cast down before the fiery looks of the young monarch; the lovely mouth—'la bella bocca angelica,' as her lover called it—was closed with an expression of gravity. Like molten gold glittered her luxuriant hair, and perfect appeared the proportions of her stately figure. The left of her surpassingly beautiful hands, of which the poet had sighed,

'The beauteous hand that holds my heart enclasped,'

lay upon her heart, as though she was experiencing a pain there.



"Pardon my contemplating you, Madonna," finally said the King; "you cannot think how often my mind has busied itself with you. I never should have left Avignon without saluting that lady, to whom it has been permitted to wear the crown of immortality while yet living. You are the most fortunate of women, and may carry your beautiful head higher even than a queen. The fiercest of all the poets loves you. Were I a woman, I should sigh day and night to be in your place. Being a man, I can only, having beheld you, envy the singer's good fortune, and softly pray you to continue to him a benignant queen unto his end. And now, receive the King's thanks for the joy conferred by the sight of you, noble lady!" Advancing a step, the chivalric sovereign inclined his head and, with an expression of reverent admiration, kissed the brow, eyelids, and lips of the fair-haired Laura de Sade; and the author of the ancient manuscript does not inform us that Petrarch's lady-love resisted, either by a look or a gesture. Meekly and sadly stood she there, her cheeks growing paler and paler.

"From time immemorial kings and noble gentlemen have been allowed to do something now and then which would not be tolerated in ordinary mortals; wherefore no man, and not even any female, in the assembly dared to assume an air of astonishment. They behaved as if what had just happened was of every-day occurrence. Even Laura's consort did no more than firmly compress his thin lips and retain his breath, lest some sound might pass his tongue and betray the rage that was boiling and foaming within him; but, in leading back his spouse to their former place, a very malignant smile shot, like a flash of lightning, across his countenance. Then he mingled among a group of noblemen, no longer observing his consort. The latter now slowly raised her eyes to seek him of whom she thought unceasingly by day and night, each hour, waking and in dreams; but the embrasure where the poet had been standing was now empty. The fairest eyes in Avignon were seeking in vain, for Francesco Petrarca was just passing through the crowd, in order to leave the hall. Pale as death was his countenance, and already he was approaching the exit-door, when the eyes of the lovers met, and something impelled him to her side, to whisper, with lowering brow, only these words: 'Farewell! I leave Avignon, having witnessed what I never thought to witness.' Then she answered him: 'Stay yet another hour! I must speak with you in my garden, beneath the pomegranate-tree by the wall; then let us part; but, oh! not here, and thus!' These words were probably not spoken above a breath; but where are there no listeners to seize and interpret such a breath? And when did lovers ever use caution? Hence the conversation of these two beneath the pomegranate-tree was also overheard by strange ears; for in the old manuscript the following is told respecting what was said there. The golden-haired Lady de Sade in that hour revealed to her lover the secret of her life—a terrible oath of her husband's. The knight, Hugo de Sade, had so passionately loved the fair Mademoiselle de Noyes, that, on the day of his marriage with

her, who had embraced him with a quiet affection as the playmate of her childhood, he had uttered the terrible words: 'A curse upon the man whose lips touch this face after me.' Two years subsequent to that day, Francesco Petrarca, of Arezzo, and Laura de Sade first saw each other, during mass, at Santa Clara."

"Poor, poor Laura!" the fair listener here interrupted the narrator.

"That kiss upon Laura's brow," continued the venerable curé, "was fraught with calamity to the wives of Charles of Luxemburg, all three of whom died before him, two in the flower of their youth and beauty."

"Have I not the right now to call the rays encircling the head of Lady de Sade, Petrarch's mistress, a genuine halo of gold?" asked the reverend man.

the case. The lady-love of Petrarch died simply and solely of a fierce longing for her distant lover, and it is said that women's hearts oftentimes break under such pain. The old manuscript further intimates that she sent a message recalling him; but he did not come, as is proved by the following celebrated passage in his posthumous works:

"Laura, distinguished for her virtues and celebrated in my verses, I first saw in my early youth, in the Church of Santa Clara, at Avignon, on the sixth of April, 1327, about the first hour of day; and in the same city, in the month of April of the year 1348, at the same hour of the same day, this light of my life was taken from this world, while I was at Verona, alas! not dreaming what had befallen me. Her beautiful and chaste remains were deposited in the Church dei Fratri Minori, after vespers on the nineteenth of May. Her spirit, as says Seneca of Scipio, returned, I doubt not, to the heaven, whence it came. You see, my daughter, the renowned poet was a man who fled the presence of his dangerous mistress; a woman would a thousand times rather have borne the heaviest curse coming from the lips of her lover. Now you know the history of the Lady de Sade's much-extolled reserve, and methinks if it be love that has distressed your heart, you will perceive that there are griefs yet harder to bear than yours."

Here the pious father felt so fiery a kiss of gratitude upon his hand as almost made him shrink back, and his young listener lay upon her knees before him. Then she said, entreatingly, and with a look of glowing gratitude: "Oh, fill the measure of your goodness, reverend sir, and confide the old manuscript to me till to-morrow. It shall be in your hands again to-morrow. I swear it." And on the curé of St. Roche's looking a little grave, she continued, passionately; "You hesitate! Look at me. Do I look like a thief, like one whose trade is robbery?"

Ah, she did look exactly like a thief; but not like one bent on stealing old manuscripts. And so he gave her his old manuscript, and a sunbeam seemed to fall upon his heart when he saw her smiling so blissfully. Before taking her leave, however, she fervently and reverently kissed Lady de



THE OLD MILL.—GRANDSIRE.

"It is not more radiant than the pale glory with which the historians have surrounded her brow? It is not the coldly keeping her lover at a distance for years, the scarce granting him the favor of a tender look, the never offering him her hand to kiss—it is not this which makes the fair-haired Laura de Sade a saint; but that she fought so severe a fight with her poor heart, and with the curse her husband's passion had imposed upon her life. The highest ornament and glory of woman is, and ever will be while the earth exists, love; and only to those who have loved much, my daughter will much one day be forgiven."

"But Petrarch, says the old manuscript, nevertheless, left Avignon for Italy, after that interview beneath the pomegranate-tree. It also states that the fair Lady de Sade died hardly two years later; but not of the plague, as the historians again relate, for all her friends and relations would not then have remained beside her bed of illness and death, which was

Sade's chaplet in the adjoining chamber.

Next day his valuable manuscript was indeed restored to him, accompanied by a note, strangely scrawled, which the curé of St. Roche could with difficulty decipher. It ran thus:

"I have just returned from your church, where I have left a charity for the poor. When you distribute it, kindly remember the poor creature whom your narrative has again made rich. It is a strange story; but, unfortunately, you are the very person to whom I cannot relate it. Had Laura de Sade been in reality a saint, I should have had to enter a convent, beyond the hope of recovery, having, in my anger, sworn to my lover that I would do this, because he had forbidden me to give a paltry kiss openly to one much older and a thousand times uglier than Charles of Luxemburg. Now he smilingly tolerates what Hugo de Sade also was obliged to tolerate; but without invoking, like him, a curse upon the heads of those who might, perhaps, love me after him. Rest



assured that, during my whole life, I shall certainly aim at the one thing which *you* have represented as woman's greatest glory. But, pious father, pray for me; lest there be too much for which I shall have one day to be forgiven.—L. H."

The reverend curé probably never dreamed that it was his fair unknown who, exactly a month later, appeared in the rôle of Voltaire's "Zaïre," carrying away with her all Paris—even her enemies.

The promise made in her note was, in all likelihood, more conscientiously observed than her vow of fidelity, since few French actresses of that day acquired greater celebrity for their numberless and strange love adventures than fair Laura Hus.

After the death of the curé of St. Roche, Lady de Sade's chaplet, so tradition says, passed into the hands of a pious beguin of Ghent. At the beguinage was also preserved, for many years, the old manuscript of the nun of Avignon, containing these disclosures, which throw so transfiguring a light upon the heartless lady. Whether it may still be found there, I know not. —Wm. Percival.

#### ETON COLLEGE.

THE spell which poetry casts over whatever it touches is nowhere felt more strongly than at Eton. It is not of the College that we think when we first see it from Windsor, nor of the goodly king who founded it, but of the poet who has celebrated it. It is Thomas Gray that we remember; we forget the "holy shade" of Henry VI, whom he has canonized in his incomparable Ode. He was one of the few kings of England to whom learning is indebted. "He was of a most liberal mind," says the old chronicler, Hall, "especially to such as loved good learning; and those whom he saw profiting in any virtuous science, he heartily forwarded and embraced." He proposed to found a School at Eton which should be connected with a college in one of the Universities, to which the best of the foundation scholars of his school should go to finish their education, and where a permanent provision should be made for them. He proposed, in the words of the Charter, "to found, erect, and establish a College, consisting of and of the number of one provost and ten priests, four clerks, and six chorister boys, who are to serve daily there in the celebration of divine worship, and of twenty-five poor and indigent scholars, who are to learn grammar; and also of twenty-five poor and infirm men, whose duty it shall be to pray there continually for our health and welfare so long as we live, and for our soul when we shall have departed this life, and for the souls of the illustrious Prince Henry, our father, late King of England and France; and also of Lady Katharine of most noble memory, late his wife, our mother: and for the souls of all our ancestors and all the faithful who are dead; (consisting) also of one master or teacher in grammar, whose duty it shall be to instruct in the rudiments of grammar the said indigent scholars, and all others whatsoever who may come together from any part of our kingdom of England to the said College, gratuitously and without the exaction of money or any other thing."

Learning and religion being the chief corner-stones of the projected College, it was commenced in 1441 with a chapel, to hasten the building of which work-

men were "pressed" from all parts of the realm and wages assigned them, skilled craftsmen, such as stone-masons and carpenters, receiving three shillings a week; plumbers, sawyers, tilers, and the like, sixpence a day; and common laborers four pence. It was many years before the chapel was completed, its progress being greatly checked by political troubles towards the close of the reign of Henry. His successor, Edward IV., deprived Eton of large portions of its endowments, and obtained a Bull from Pope Pius II. for disposing of the College, and merging it in the College of St. George at Windsor; but the then Provost, Westbury, protesting solemnly against this injustice, the Bull was at last revoked, and many of

of Eton, at the expense of their relations; the scholars on the foundation were, of course, lodged and boarded in the College, and at the College expense. Many of the most distinguished men of England were educated there. Among the number was the chronicler, Hall, whom we have quoted, Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charterhouse, Admiral Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Henry Wotton, Henry More, the Platonist, the memorable Hales, Bishops Barrow and Sherlock, Dr. Arne, the musical composer, Horace Walpole, Sir Joseph Banks, Richard Porson, the great Greek scholar, and Hallam, the historian. Other noted Etonians were Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Waller, Broome, West, Fielding, the novelist, Gray, Shelley, Præd, and Milman. Most of the English Prime Ministers of the last century and a half were Eton boys—North, Charles James Fox, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Derby, and, last, Mr. Gladstone. The scholars of Eton have always been famous for Latin, and especially for the excellence of their Latin versification. Gray excelled in it while there, but after he left it he began to write English poetry. He did not forget his *Alma Mater*, however, and his first production in English was his Ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

#### WOODLAND SCENERY.

THE difference between the woodland scenery of Europe and the woodland scenery of America is as marked as the difference between the painters of both countries. The forests of the New World are wild, and the forests of the Old World are cultivated; in the one case it is Nature alone that the artist attempts to paint; in the other it is Nature and Art together. Without instituting comparisons, which we all know are odious, it is safe to say that the landscape painters of France have brought their art to a perfection which the landscape painters of America have not yet reached. They pursue a different method in their work, and the result is a certain solidity of color, beside which the color of our painters is weak and thin. The difference is not so marked when the pictures of both are reproduced on wood, but it is marked, nevertheless, and in another direction. As a rule the European draughtsman has a better art-education than his American confrère, and a sureness of touch that the latter often lacks. Two illustrations in the present number—"A Forest Scene," by Bernies, and "An Old Mill,"



ETON COLLEGE.

the endowments restored, though the College suffered severely. The buildings were continued during the reign of Henry VII. and the early years of Henry VIII., whose death saved Parliament from extinguishing Eton, which was then confirmed to Edward VI. Such, in brief, is the history of Eton College, the buildings of which have been from time to time re-edified and enlarged. The Upper School Room in the principal court, for example, was built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Dr. Allstree, Provost of Eton, in the reign of Charles II., and the interior of College Hall was almost entirely rebuilt, about fifteen years ago, by one of its Fellows.

Though Eton was established primarily for the education of poor scholars, it was the resort, from the beginning, of young men in the higher walks of life. They were not lodged in the College, but in the town

by Grandsire, are a proof of what we have said. We have no such scenes as these, and the art by which they are presented to us is not such as prevails here. It is academic, and precise, like the subject it handles, and it transports us to another world. We are in the forest of Fontainebleau, which, old as it is, and rough and gnarled as are its trees, shows every evidence of long cultivation. The sun shines cheerily into its broad openings, through which horsemen ride, and cattle are driven to their pasturage, and sturdy peasant women plod with the fagots they have gathered. Now we are elsewhere, but in the same sunny land—on the edge of a little pastoral wood, where cattle are feeding, and where stands the old mill of the village whose wheels to-day are still. It is a happy spot, and a happy-making art by which it is brought before us.



## PURITANS AND CAVALIERS.

THE history of the Puritans is the religious and political and social history of England, from the reign of Elizabeth into the reign of Charles II. We shall not find them earlier than the period we have named, but we must look for their progenitors as early as the reign of Henry VIII. It may seem a paradox to say that "bluff King Hal" himself was their ancestor; but it is not too much to say that if he and Pope Clement VII. had made up their little differences in regard to the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, he would not have overthrown the authority of the Pope in England, and have declared himself the head of the English Church. The right of protesting against the Church of Rome implied the right of protesting against the Church of England, and the Puritans did not fail to avail themselves of it. They protested, however, before they had the power to enforce their protest, and the result was what might have been expected from their zeal—persecution.

Precisely what they wanted it is not easy to state, they differed so much among themselves; but, in few words, it was the liberty of worshiping in their own fashion, and not after the fashion prescribed by Elizabeth. The hierarchy established by her, the vestments worn by the clergy in the celebration of worship, the Book of Common Prayer, the sign of the cross used in the confirmation of baptism—all these things were a grievous offence in their eyes. They denied the authority of the Church of England, and maintained that any and every congregation meeting in one house was a church, with sufficient power within itself to decide any and every question relating to the worship of its members. What they might have accomplished during the reign of Elizabeth, had they been a compact body with a single object in view, is not worth while to inquire; for they were not such a body. They were composed of persons of different ranks, characters, opinions, and intentions; and, as they agreed in nothing but their antipathy to the forms of doctrine and discipline established by law, they were soon divided into a great variety of

sects. The most noted of these was founded about 1581 by Robert Brown, from whom they were named Brownists. "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician," Shakspeare makes Sir Andrew Aguecheek say, in "Twelfth Night." The Brownists became troublesome at home, and found it convenient to emigrate, with their pastor, into the Netherlands, where

Robinson, who presided over them at Leyden from 1609 to 1625, and who was instrumental in fitting out the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, and in manning them with that little band of hardy adventurers whom we have agreed to call the Pilgrim Fathers. They would have preferred to return to England, without doubt, but they were not wanted there, the feeling against them was so strong.

Whatever may be said against the Puritans (or the Nonconformists, as we should call them now), they were loyal and devoted English subjects, and had been such in the reign of Elizabeth. "Whatever might be the faults of Elizabeth," says Macaulay, "it was plain that, to speak humanly, the fate of the realm and all reformed Churches was staked on the security of her person and on the success of her administration. To strengthen her hands was, therefore, the first duty of a patriot and a Protestant; and that duty was well performed. The Puritans, even in the depths of the prisons to which she had sent them, prayed, and with no simulated fervor, that she might be kept from the dagger of the assassin, that rebellion might be put down under her feet, and that her arms might be victorious by sea and land. One of the most stubborn of the stubborn sect, immediately after his hand had been lopped off for an offence into which he had been hurried by his inconsiderate zeal, waved his hat with the hand which was still left him, and shouted, 'God save the Queen!' The sentiment with which these men regarded her has descended to their posterity. The Nonconformists, rigorously as she treated them, have, as a body, always venerated her memory."

What they had become, or what they had been made by persecution, by the time that King James ascended the throne, is well described by the same masterly pen. "After the fashion of oppressed sects, they mistook their own vindictive feelings for emotions of piety encouraged in themselves, by reading and meditation, a disposition to brood over their wrongs, and when they had worked themselves up into hating their enemies, imagined that they were only hating the enemies of Heaven. In the New Testament there was little indeed which, even when perverted by the most dis-



A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.—THON.



ingenuous exposition, could seem to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passion. But the Old Testament contained the history of a race selected by God to be witnesses of his unity, and ministers of his vengeance, and specially commanded by him to do many things which, if done without his special command, would have been atrocious crimes. In such a history, it was not difficult for fierce and gloomy spirits to find much that might be distorted to suit their wishes. The extreme Puritans, therefore, began to feel for the Old Testament a preference, which perhaps they did not distinctly avow to themselves, but which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They paid to the Hebrew language a respect which they refused to that tongue in which the discourse of Jesus and the epistles of Paul have come down to us. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of Hebrew patriarchs and warriors. In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival, by which the Church had, from primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath. They sought for principles of jurisprudence in the Mosaic law, and for precedents to guide their ordinary conduct in the books of

with aversion. Some precisians had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious; the light music of Ben Jonson's masques was dissolute. Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous, and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and, above all, by his peculiar dialect. He employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of Scripture. Hebraisms, violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the boldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of prelatists and libertines."

The theatre was a constant object of reprobation among the Puritans, and what, perhaps, most embittered them against it was the practice of acting plays on Sunday—a practice which was encouraged by King James, whose chief theatrical "Revels" were

#### A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

THE strict game-laws of Germany have developed two distinct organizations: the foresters, whose duty, pride, and pleasure is to preserve order in the domains under their charge, and the poachers, who set themselves firmly against the laws.

In a country where free shooting of game is forbidden, poaching acquires an irresistible charm for the common people. In the forests, where only small game is found, the life of the forester is one of peace. The easy-going lounge of the neighboring village, who now and then saunters out of the woods with a string of quails in his bag or a few luckless hares slung over his shoulder, is reminded, perhaps, that he has trod upon the toes of the law, but as long as the forest growths remain uninjured, he is left unmolested, and the forester's quiet sylvan life is spent in friendly intercourse with his neighbors. But in those large tracts of woodlands where deer and wild boars make their home, the keeper's life is one of constant excitement and danger. Men of desperate and determined character haunt the forest, the unlawful game they secure being the sole support of their families.

The bitter enmity existing between the foresters



REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.—AFTER DURAND.

Judges and Kings. The prophet who hewed in pieces a captive king, the rebel general who gave the blood of a queen to the dogs, the matron who, in defiance of plighted faith, and of the laws of eastern hospitality, drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally who had just fed at her board, and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent, were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates. Manners and morals were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue, when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of this rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love-locks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the 'Fairy Queen.' Rules such as these, rules which would have appeared insupportable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the severe and philosophical intellect of Zwingle, threw over all life a more than monastic gloom. The learning and eloquence by which the great reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been, in no small measure, indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not

held on that day, at Whitehall, Greenwich, or Hampton. Their aversion made itself felt in the ponderous "Histrio-Mastix" of William Prynne; in the sermons which were thundered from their pulpits; and, later, in a Puritan majority in Parliament, which suppressed the theatres, and forbade actors from exercising their profession under penalty of whipping. When the animosities of the Puritans and Cavaliers broke into open war, the stage naturally sided with the Court, and the most noted actors of the time joined the army of the king. The laws of war were violated, as far as they were concerned, the most flagrant instance being the murder of an actor named Robinson, who surrendered his arms to Harrison, and asked for quarter. "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently," was the answer of his brutal captor, who immediately shot him through the head.

The difference between the Puritans and Cavaliers is the subject of Mr. Frenzeny's spirited picture. The scene is in London, in the reign of King James, and the day is Sunday. A Puritan family, consisting of a father and his son and daughter, are on the way to church. They are jeered at by a party of Cavaliers, who are drinking wine at the door of the "Lion" tavern. The son is about to draw his sword to resent the insult, but his father stays his hand. Peace! When the hour comes—as come it will—swords enough will be drawn. Till then—peace!

and these outlaws has produced many a story of hatred, ending in violent death. A scene in one of these sad histories has been feelingly illustrated by the artistic pencil of Professor Thon, of Weimar.

In one of the forest regions of Germany there was a moody, dark-browed man named Caspar. He lived in a poor cottage alone, with his only child, a daughter, of great beauty, whose gentleness and purity of heart made her beloved by all. It was well known that Caspar was the most desperate poacher in the region, and bitter hatred existed between him and the resident forester. But Caspar was possessed of all the cunning of a true huntsman, and always succeeded in escaping detection.

At one time, while shooting in the forest, he heard the approach of soft footsteps. Hastily concealing himself in the thicket, he awaited the intruder. What was his rage and horror to behold his own child leaning on the arm of the young forester, the son of his bitter enemy! Words of love were passing between them, and the young man bent to press a kiss on the fair brow of his companion. The father could endure it no longer. Raising his rifle, he fired the fatal shot. But the young girl at that instant threw her arms around her lover's neck, and the bullet intended for his heart stretched her lifeless on the grass. The father, with a loud cry of terror, fired the remaining ball at his own breast, and the woodland tragedy was complete.



## ART.

## JOHN ROGERS.

WHEN the lives of the artists of America shall be written by some future Vasari, it will be seen that most of them labored under greater disadvantages than beset their brethren abroad, and that there was little or nothing in their ancestry and surroundings to account for their determination towards Art. A large number will be found to have come from the people—that is to say, from those to whom Art is as if it did not exist—farmers, tradesmen, and the like—and to have struggled the harder for that very reason. The growth of Art in Europe is explained by the art-galleries in its great capitals. We have no such galleries here to educate the taste of the many, and to awaken the sleeping powers of the few. As a rule, our artists have been made such by Nature and not by Art, and may say, with a difference, what Burns said of himself in the Preface to the Edinburgh edition of his Poems: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." From the plough, the anvil, the carpenter's bench, the machine-shop, the genius of American Art has summoned her children, especially the small band whom she hopes to see restore the declining art of sculpture. Palmer handled the plane and chisel; and Rogers learned and followed the trade of a machinist. Of the two, Rogers has been most influenced by the people from whom he sprung, and by the conditions of their life and his own; and is, therefore, in a certain sense, the most American of all our sculptors.

John Rogers was born in 1829, at Salem, Mass., a town made famous about one hundred and fifty years before by a lot of old women who flattered themselves that they were witches, but from which all the witchery had then departed, except what was brooding in the brain of young Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Rogers family had resided in the State for several generations, and were thoroughly identified with its character and its institutions. If any of John's ancestors were artists, the circumstance has not come down to us, though it is said that some members of his mother's family manifested artistic capacity, whatever that may mean. His father was a merchant, who gave his son as good an education as was then afforded by the common schools of New England. It included only the necessary branches, reading, writing and arithmetic, with a little grammar and geography. These were considered sufficient for the average youth of the period; at any rate they were all that were taught. If he happened to have tastes which might lead him into other than business pursuits, so much the worse for him. Rogers, for example, showed a decided talent for drawing at an early age, but he was not encouraged in it. He wanted to become an artist, but his parents shook their heads, and placed him in a dry goods store in Boston, where he was employed till his eighteenth year.

As that is the age at which New England boys have to decide what trade they will learn (if they are to earn their bread by manual labor), or have to submit to the decision of their parents or guardians in this respect, Rogers decided to leave the dry goods store, and join a corps of engineers on the Cochituate waterworks. Here he found an opportunity to exercise his talent for drawing, and embraced it eagerly, so much so that he overtasked and injured his eyes, and was obliged to give it up. He made a short trip to Spain to recruit his strength, and on his return entered a machine-shop at Manchester, N. H., where he remained seven years. What constituted a day's work, eight hours or ten hours, was not mooted then—the day's work being all that could be got out of the workman. In the case of Rogers and his fellow machinists at Manchester, it was fourteen hours, *i. e.*, from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. It was a hard life that he led, but he bore it bravely, cheered by the prospect of one day becoming an artist. He had found his vocation. It was revealed to him just after his return from Spain, when he saw a young man in Boston modeling figures in clay. He watched his unknown master closely, and in a few minutes learned the mechanical part of his art. To get clay and to model himself was his next step, and a very important one it was. He had no time that he could call his own except the night, which he devoted to modeling, working by the light of a tallow-candle, suspended over his clay, until the lateness of the hour warned him that it was time to stop. "Sometimes he was so mastered by his conception of a new study, that when night came he could not sleep or even rest, although fatigued by a day's hard work, until he had put his idea into clay, and in a satisfactory manner. He found it extremely difficult to perform the arduous and irksome duties of his daily employment, and he tried to induce his relatives to assist him in his efforts to develop and educate his artistic faculty; but in this he was unsuccessful, and was obliged to work away at the machinery, suffering as much, perhaps, from his efforts conscientiously to serve two masters, as from long hours and little sleep." So passed the days and nights of the young machinist-sculptor.

In 1856, an offer was made him to take charge of a railroad machine-shop at Hannibal, Missouri, and he proceeded thither. Before two years had passed, there came what the financiers call "a business crisis"; there was a stoppage of work in the West, and he was obliged to return to the East. Finding nothing to do at his trade, he determined to devote himself to art, and that he might perfect himself therein, he resolved to go to Europe and see what the old masters had done. He visited Paris and Rome, and studied for awhile in the latter city, but without the success he had expected. The masterpieces of classic sculpture awoke no enthusiasm in him. He was not interested in them; and, doubtful of himself on that account, he returned to America thoroughly discouraged in his art. Work was still a necessity with him, so he sought employment, and found it in Chicago, in the office of the City Surveyor. His mind soon recovered its healthy tone, and in the course of a few months he modeled a group of figures for a ladies' fair in behalf of some public charity. This group, which he entitled "The Checker Players," attracted attention, and encouraged him to proceed in the walk of art which it opened to him, and for which he had been groping so long.

The subject of his second group, "The Town Pump," was happily chosen, and added to the reputation he had acquired by "The Checker Players." His third group, "The Slave Auction," struck a deeper chord, and one which was then vibrating fiercely through the land. Whether it was forced upon him by the political and moral condition of the time, or whether it was selected by him for art purposes alone, we have no means of knowing; but whatever its origin and *motif*, the work showed that the new sculptor was not a clever amateur playing at art, but an earnest man, with whom art was a serious thing. "The Slave Auction" occasioned the removal of Mr. Rogers to New York, where it was exhibited. The politics of the different art-critics had something to do with the judgments they pronounced upon it, but nothing to do with the judgment of the public, by whom its excellence was at once recognized. Mr. Rogers opened a studio in New York in 1859, and sent out his business card: "John Rogers, Artist, Designs and Executes Groups of Figures in Composition at his studio, 599 Broadway, room 28.—N. B. They can be packed for transportation."

Mr. Rogers now set to work and reproduced copies of "The Slave Auction," "The Checker Players," and "The Town Pump," to which was soon added "The Village Schoolmaster." Between 1860 and 1862 he modeled two groups of a different character, "The Fairy's Whisper," and "Air Castles." The last was a commission, the only one, by the way, that Mr. Rogers has ever accepted. The conception of these groups is more poetical, so to speak, than those which preceded them, but they lack the chief characteristics of the artist, whose forte is the realization of every-day subjects. The works of Mr. Rogers at this period, with the exceptions just mentioned, are the most faithful reflection of the spirit by which the North was animated that American Art has yet produced. Their inspiration was the war which was then raging, and to which all feelings were turned. They reminded us of our brave soldiers, but



John Rogers.

they did not remind us of the brave but misguided men with whom they were struggling. Patriotism was there, victory was there, but somehow hatred was absent. Art has nothing to do with hatreds, whatever it may have to do with battles, and it has nothing to do with horrors. Mr. Rogers felt this instinctively, and the favor with which his groups were received convinced him that he was right. He produced in succession a series of war-studies, all of which were graphic, most of which were suggestive, and none of which were painful. To name them is to recall them to the recollection of his admirers. They are "The Picket Guard," "The Camp Fire," "The Sharp Shooters," "The Union Refugees," and "The Country Post Office, or News from the War."

The popularity of these groups induced Mr. Rogers to finally descend the toilsome flight of steps that led to his attic room on Broadway, and to remove in 1862 to the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, where his studio now is. He was winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and, what was still better, was making a reasonable amount of the currency of the country. He was enough of a lion to be described by the New York correspondents of out-of-town journals, by one of whom the following portrait of him was drawn: "Nearly every morning, at about nine o'clock, there crosses Madison Square in this city, going towards Dodsworth's Studio Building, a young man of medium height, upright in his bearing, and quick in his movements. He possesses a pleasing face, with an observant cast of countenance, expressive of the active character of his mind; and a manner, which, although stamped with firmness and decision, is yet gentle and winning. He has a broad, high forehead, aquiline nose, thoughtful blue eyes, a finely-cut mouth and a well-moulded chin, hidden under a full beard. Few of those who pass him would judge him to possess that power which Johnson defines as constituting a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates." The works executed by Mr. Rogers during the next three years were of the same general character as those we have mentioned, but of a wider scope, and, if possible, of greater interest. They reflect faithfully the different phases of the great struggle between the North and the South, each grasping and presenting some incident, or episode, or central

idea. The progress of the war may almost be traced in their titles—*viz.*, "The Returned Volunteer," "Mail Day," "One More Shot," "The Home Guard," "The Wounded Scout," "The Bushwhacker," and "Taking the Oath and Drawing Rations." The later works of Mr. Rogers finish what may be called the art-history of the war, and present us with some of its results. In "The Council of War," for example—a group, consisting of the figures of Secretary Stanton, President Lincoln and General Grant—we realize the stern determination which brought the war to a close; and in "Uncle Ned's School" we see the desire, real or supposed, of the freedman for knowledge. Other results are embodied in "The Charity Patient" and "The School Examination." In "The Courtship in Sleepy Hollow," a still later work, Mr. Rogers says to us, or such of us as hear the silent language of Art:

"A long war disturbed your mind;  
Here your perfect peace is signed."

We are at peace again—in the happy old world of romance and the good old days of marvel—the beautiful Place which Irving created as for us, "out of space, out of time," and which Jefferson brings to our doors whenever he melts us to tears in *Rip Van Winkle*.

The position which Mr. Rogers occupies among the sculptors of America will be settled by Posterity without much reference to contemporary opinions. It is as unique as that which Wilkie occupies among the painters of England, and to call him the Wilkie of Sculptors is to say that his Art is simple, manly and dramatic, which is certainly true.

## PRANG'S CHROMOS.

THE art of printing in colors is not a new one, though it can hardly be called an Art until within the last few years. It was attempted long ago, but without success, since the only color which the 'prentice hands of its baffled students succeeded in reproducing was that of ink, of some neutral tint, with the various lights and shadows required by the original drawing that it sought to imitate. Wood blocks were tried at first, then copper-plates, then both in conjunction, the last producing the best specimens of color-printing. How poor it really was, however, may be seen by comparing the "Baxter Oil Prints," which were so popular twenty years ago, with the Chromos of Mr. Prang. They were pretty at the first glance, but the more one looked at them the more unsatisfactory they grew. Their colors lacked depth and body; their gradation and blending of tints was imperfect; there was no harmony in them; in a word, they were dry, hard, and thin. The final verdict upon them was, either that the right method of color-printing had not been followed, or that the right material with which to print had not been chosen. The latter was the fact. It was suspected by Senefelder, who, as long ago as 1818, discussed the possibility of making fac-similes of old paintings by Lithography, of which he was the inventor; and the suspicion was deepened at a later period in the minds of others, who were engaged independently in experiments in color-printing in England, France and Germany. It would be difficult to name the actual inventor of Chromo-Lithography, which after all is not so much the result of the labors of one man, as the sum-total of the labors of many men, working with the same end in view. It belongs to the world, and is at its best in America. They admit in Europe that we have carried it to a higher degree of perfection than they have, and they declare that Mr. Prang is the man who has done it.

It is only seven or eight years since Mr. Prang published his first Chromos—two landscapes after Bricher, and a group of chickens after Tait—and to-day they are numbered by hundreds, and are known the world over. He did not claim that they were as good as the paintings of which they were fac-similes, though he might have done so in some instances; he claimed that they were good representations of them, and that they would create a love for art. We think he was right. We think his Chromos have educated taste in thousands who had none before they saw them, and who would probably have had none unless they had seen them. This is not the highest taste, of course; but we cannot all be Ruskins at the start, and many of us cannot hope to own original pictures at all. In the meantime let us get all the good we can out of Chromos.

The range of subjects embraced in Mr. Prang's collection is large, and the artists represented therein are among the best in this country. They cover the whole ground of art, from landscapes and marine views, to the painting of birds, flowers and fruit. The selections from each are such as are most characteristic of the artist, and of the themes in which he excels. Only James Hart, for instance, could have painted the six landscapes which he has contributed to this little gallery of American scenery; and from whom but Brown, Lambdin, and Eastman Johnson could we obtain the groups of children who claim their paternity? We are familiar with the work of these painters, and we know that the best of it is here. The fac-simile of Johnson's "Barefoot Boy" will stand the test of examination with the original. The same may be said of Brown's young people. It is in works of this nature that the chief strength of Chromo-Lithography lies. Its exceptional strength, if we may use the phrase, is shown in "The Reading Magdalen," of Correggio, which is the best example of pure and harmonious coloring in the whole collection. Given a thoroughly good picture, a thoroughly good copy can be predicted. This is not to say that the copyist is the equal of the artist, but it is to say that he is not the merely mechanical workman that some would have us believe. His work admits of as much individuality as the engravings of Strange, Bartolozzi, and Morghen—which, after all, are only copies! Mr. Prang has copied some pictures that we should not have selected for that honor, but we can see the reason. He had to feel his way, in order to succeed; in other words, he had to create the taste he was to educate. If his pupils were backward, the fault was theirs, not his. His Chromos are a creditable exhibit of the popular feeling for Art. It is not high, perhaps, but it is pure, embracing much that is lovely in Nature, and natural in emotion. His latest Chromo, "Reminiscences of an Old Man," after Durand, is an evidence of this. It is simple and pathetic, and characteristic of the artist, whose tender lights and pensive shadows are faithfully reproduced.



## MUSIC.

## LUCCA AND THE OPERA.

WHILE the critics have been discussing whether Madame Lucca can sing, whether she understands Gounod and Goethe, whether her Cherubino is the self-same little page whom Beaumarchais made so amusing, and Mozart endowed with two of the most beautiful of his melodies, Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett have jogged along, filling their purses and easily getting the best prices for some of the worst performances on record. For there can be no doubt that Madame Lucca pleases the public even more than Nilsson did. Whatever her true place may be in the world's roll of artists, she has the undefinable power of fascination, which is greater than beauty, or talent, or voice. She has charmed nearly all the great cities of the world, and New York has submitted to her without asking on what title she claimed submission.

It may not be amiss, even at this late day, to inquire what Lucca really is. She can hardly be defined as a great singer, in the proper sense of the term. Once in a while she does indeed give utterance to a passionate melody with so much feeling, so much simplicity, so complete a forgetfulness of everything save the eloquence of the music, that we exclaim—that is absolutely perfect! But, ordinarily, the least critical ear can detect great faults both in her voice and her method of using it. Her upper notes are neither clear nor sweet. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of only ordinary compass, and the score often exacts of it more than it can easily render. It is rich and sensuous in quality, and abundant in strength, and she yields sometimes to the temptation to exhibit its magnificence in explosive tones which, grand as they are in themselves, are faulty for their suddenness and their violent contrast. She does not phrase well; she does not always take breath in the right places; as a general thing it may be said that she lacks repose of style and ease of delivery. More than this, she has not the unerring instinct which tells the great singer how to express the faintest shades of the composer's meaning; to throw herself, for instance, into the same frame of mind which was Mozart's when he wrote the "*Non so più cosa*," and Donizetti's, when he conceived his "*O mio Fernando*." But, on the other hand, if her voice is not perfect, it is at any rate sympathetic. Her tones are tender as well as rich; and if there were only a little more tenderness in her nature, she could move the feelings, with such a voice, more deeply than almost any other singer of this generation. It is much less beautiful than the voice of Madame Parepa Rosa; it is far less pure than the voice of Nilsson was when Nilsson was at her best; but it has a warm, glowing quality, unlike that of any other artist who has recently been heard in this country. If it does not always touch the heart, the fault is not in the quality of the voice, but in some defect of the woman. And to us it seems that Madame Lucca has not a very profound sense of the meaning of what she sings—that is to say, the meaning of the music, not of the words. The poetry of music is not dependent upon the words to which it may be wedded. Mendelssohn understood, when he wrote his "Songs Without Words," that music was itself a language, conveying a meaning that could not be expressed through any other medium. Beethoven used music to give utterance to emotions far beyond the interpretation of letters and syllables. Bellini threw a pathos into his now hackneyed melodies, which was entirely independent of his text, and which clings to them even when they are adapted to Sunday-school verses, and—as they are in a book now before us—to Bird-of-Freedom choruses. It is only once in a while that Madame Lucca goes deeper than the obvious dramatic situation, and seizes upon the real musical sentiment. We have never seen this limitation of her powers more clearly than in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." There she was the prettiest, the most roguish, the most vivacious of pages, but how little did she preserve of the tenderness which Mozart breathed into all the music of this delightful character! With her, Cherubino is a rollicking boy, who plays the lover with no conception whatever of the passion of love. And yet Mozart gave this lad some of the most pathetic and delicate strains he ever wrote. Madame Lucca did not value, probably did not understand them; she had her own conception of the *role*, and she acted that to the life, though in doing it she ruined some exquisite music.

Her genius, in short, is strictly dramatic, and not lyric. Merely as a piece of acting, her Cherubino was inimitable. The same may be said of her Selika in "L'Africaine," and Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." Her Margherita in "Faust" has been the subject of more discussion perhaps than any of her other personations, and the reason is very simple. The heroine of "Faust" may be either one of two very different creations, according as one follows the composer or the poet. The Gretchen of Goethe was a plain burgher's daughter. She was ignorant; she prattled to her lover in bad grammar about trivial things, such as her common household duties; she was a hearty, healthy lass, not troubled by romantic notions, and not given to pensive meditation. Her charm was that she was so simple, so trusting, so very human. A Frenchman could hardly understand such a heroine as this. Gounod took his inspiration from the etherealized Margaret of Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture—a different person altogether, much more refined than the original, a melancholy, thoughtful, sentimental girl, which Goethe's Gretchen certainly was not. The music fits this conception perfectly. It is dreamy and tender, and almost always rather sad. And it is this conception which Miss Kellogg, and Nilsson, and other Margheritas we have had before the present season, have generally followed. But Madame Lucca discards Gounod and goes back to Goethe. A remarkable illustration of the truth of what we say is found in the scene of Faust's first meeting with Margherita, where the maid refuses her lover's advances. "*No, signor*," she murmurs; "*io non son damigella ne bella*," and with a gentle curtsy she passes on to the church. The music here is of exquisite softness and grace, and there can be no doubt how the composer wished it to be delivered. But the meaning of the music is nothing to Madame Lucca, if she can only grasp the meaning of the drama. In the poem, the action is very different from that indicated by M. Gounod. Margaret exclaims, brusquely, as she releases herself from Faust's proffered arm,

"I'm neither lady, neither fair,  
And home I can go without your care;"  
and Faust remarks upon her charming "pertness;"

"How short and sharp of speech was she,  
Why 'twas a real ecstasy!"

Lucca takes this description for her model. She sings the phrase, "*No, signor*," with a bold and almost abrupt expression. She gives us a rude and full-blooded plebeian maid, short and sharp of speech and gesture, passionate alike in love, suffering, and remorse. What becomes of the music? Well, that is the last thing Madame Lucca thinks about. The spirit of Gounod has gone out of her "Faust" just as completely as the spirit of Mozart has gone out of her "Marriage of Figaro."

The rest of the opera company this winter needs but few words. There is Miss Kellogg, with whose many excellences we have been long familiar. She has not done herself full justice, and she has not had full justice from others. She has sung with wretched support. Nevertheless she has won a great deal of praise from the discerning, and she has no reason to dread a contrast with her more famous rival. There has been a rumor of feuds between the friends and supporters of the two *prime donne*; but no marks of hostility have been visible to a disinterested public, and we may be pardoned, perhaps, for the suspicion that the story was nothing but a shrewd advertising scheme of the enterprising management. The two tenors, Abrugnedo and Vizzani; the two baritones, Moriami and Sparapani; and the contralto, Señora Sanz, are third-rate artists, and the public has received them with sublime indifference. If the managers' organs are to be trusted, they are all of them superb singers, with rich sonorous voices and a noble style, but they have been prevented from showing either by simultaneous and persistent colds. That is certainly unfortunate; but we cannot forget that they had no reputations when they came here. We have, in short, what we have had so many times before, a pitiful cheap company supporting one expensive *prima donna*. We are told that a better company cannot be had, and would not pay expenses if it could. But Mr. Rosa made money last year with an admirable company, comprising his wife and Miss Philipps, and Wachtel and Santley, with a fine orchestra, a good chorus, complete appointments, and a careful preparation of every work brought out. What has been done once can be done again; but nothing of this kind will be done until the public demands it. We may have to go back to the brutal old custom of hissing before we get operatic reform.

## RUBINSTEIN.

WHEN Rubinstein came upon the stage of Steinway Hall for the first time last September, we saw a rugged, uncourtly man, whose solemn Tartar countenance and uncouth movements gave little promise of refinement and delicacy, but indicated something of the wonderful power which we had heard of as characteristic of his playing. He came without gloves. He bowed without a smile. He put away with disdain the manager's tribute of wreaths and flowers, and when a handsome laurel crown was pressed into his hands, he let it fall upon the floor. He looked like a man who had come upon business, and meant to do it with all his might. He took his seat at an unusual distance from the piano, and at once gave a signal to the conductor to begin the concerto. It was his own in D Minor, a favorite composition which he always chooses for his first appearance in a new place. The vigorous, easy touch with which he threw off the opening measures of the piano part was just what we were prepared for. The whole first movement corresponded exactly with our preconceptions, except that it was vastly more brilliant and more perfectly finished. But then came the *andante*, with its tender melody; and how the man seemed to change! He hung over the key-board with drooping head, raised his arms, let his sinewy hands fall upon the ivory, and we heard, not the expected crash of sound, but music so sweet and gentle, that one might have sworn the soft fingers of a woman made it. Now his touch is crisp and clear, his accent marked, and every phase quivering with subdued sentiment; anon the tones are of such a velvety texture that they seem not to be struck from the piano but to be coaxed out of it. Probably no pianist living, certainly none that we have heard, can produce so perfect a *diminuendo*. Little by little the music dies away under his hands, and at the last there comes a full honest chord, whose every note is distinct, and yet it is so soft and low that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence. A few moments more, and he is in the midst of one of those tempests of harmonious sounds in which he appears especially to take delight. His eye brightens, his sallow face flushes, his features are lighted up with inspiration, his hands fly faster and faster as the music draws to its tremendous climax. It seems not Rubinstein alone, but a whole band, whose overpowering harmonies fill the air. Yet the orchestra has ceased playing, and the pianist has the score all to himself. It is in these magnificent passages that we feel how great Rubinstein really is. He has what was given to no other pianist who has visited America—the divine fire of genius. The faults of his performance are those of over-impetuosity. The torrent becomes turbid and confused sometimes, and for a few moments we hear nothing but a mighty rush of harmonies, without rhythm or apparent meaning. He obscured one of Beethoven's sonatas in this way until its form was hardly distinguishable. But this exuberance of force, like the occasional striking of a false note which the critical ear can readily detect in his playing, is hardly worth considering in Rubinstein. In wonder and delight at this extraordinary man, we forget all his little imperfections.

His concerts in New York have been moderately successful. The audiences have been large, but they ought to have been overpowering. Probably his manager has lost money. Yet, if we could forget the two singers of the company, the soprano, whose voice has gone, and the alto, whose education has not begun, we should say the entertainments were superb. Wieniawski is assuredly one of the greatest violinists now living, and one who combines the merits of distinct styles—classical finish, and correctness, with the freedom and feeling of the romantic school of Paganini. The quality for which he is most celebrated is, perhaps, the brilliant audacity of his bowing. But he had not been long before his audience at Steinway Hall, when we discovered that he was equally master of the more delicate and pathetic style wherein a good violinist so readily stirs the deepest emotions of his listeners. We doubt whether Paganini himself ever taught the violin to sing more tenderly than this magnificent artist. As there is something indescribably magnetic in his bolder efforts, so there is true sentiment in his gentler strains. He is in close sympathy with Rubinstein; and to hear them play together is a rare delight.

## LITERATURE.

THE surpassing excellence of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists is evident in every collection in which they figure, no matter by what principle the compilers may have been guided. If we go to them for poetry "pure and simple," we find it; if we go to them for poetry of a special kind, we find that, too. They have joyous songs for our merry moods, and solemn songs for our sad ones; they sing of wine as they sing of birds, and flowers, and dew; what do they not sing of? It would be difficult to name a subject which could not be well illustrated from their works. To prove this, one need only glance at the volumes of Percy and Ellis, or any similar collection. The last that we have seen, "Songs from the Old Dramatists," collected and edited by Abby Sage Richardson, and published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, will answer as well as any other. It is a delightful book—a book that every lover of poetry will be glad to have. There is nothing that is new in it, we imagine; nothing, that is, which is quoted now for the first time; but it is well arranged, and the selections are in good taste. The criticism that might be passed upon it, and justly, is that Mrs. Richardson has somewhat overstepped the limits to which her title would seem to confine her. She has given in some cases poems and not songs, and the poets from whom she has taken them are scarcely recognized as dramatists. We should not place Breton among the dramatists ourselves, nor Barnfield, nor Lord Brooke, nor Lodge, nor Cowley, nor Habington, nor Milton. We know, of course, that Milton wrote "Comus;" that Lord Brooke wrote certain things which he called tragedies; and that Cowley wrote a prose comedy; but we recall no dramatic works of which Barnfield and Breton were the writers. We must have the songs from "Comus," but we need not have Milton's sonnet "To a Nightingale." We must have something from Randolph, but we need not have his long "Ode to the Country," when we have his "Song in Praise of Old Sack." We suppose we ought to have the Earl of Stirling, but surely we should not have one of his many sonnets to "Aurora." We might mention other instances in which Mrs. Richardson has exceeded the task she assigned herself, but these are sufficient. The very excess of her book shows the honor in which she holds the brave old singers of whom it is composed, and who never cease to delight us. There is a quality in their work for which we look in vain elsewhere; the smallest of them have it as well as the greatest, and in both it is inimitable. They are at their best in their songs, we are inclined to think, and the best of their songs are here. They are divided by Mrs. Richardson into "Pastoral Songs," "Love Songs," "Songs of Feeling and Thought," "Songs of Sorrow," "Comic Songs and Songs of Clowns," and "Songs of Fairies and Spirits." Each division is introduced by a head-piece, drawn by Mr. S. L. Smith, and a figure-piece, drawn by Mr. J. La Farge. We copy here the pathetic little dirge of Webster's, in which grief seems to resolve itself into the elements it contemplates:

"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm.

But keep the wolf far hence that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

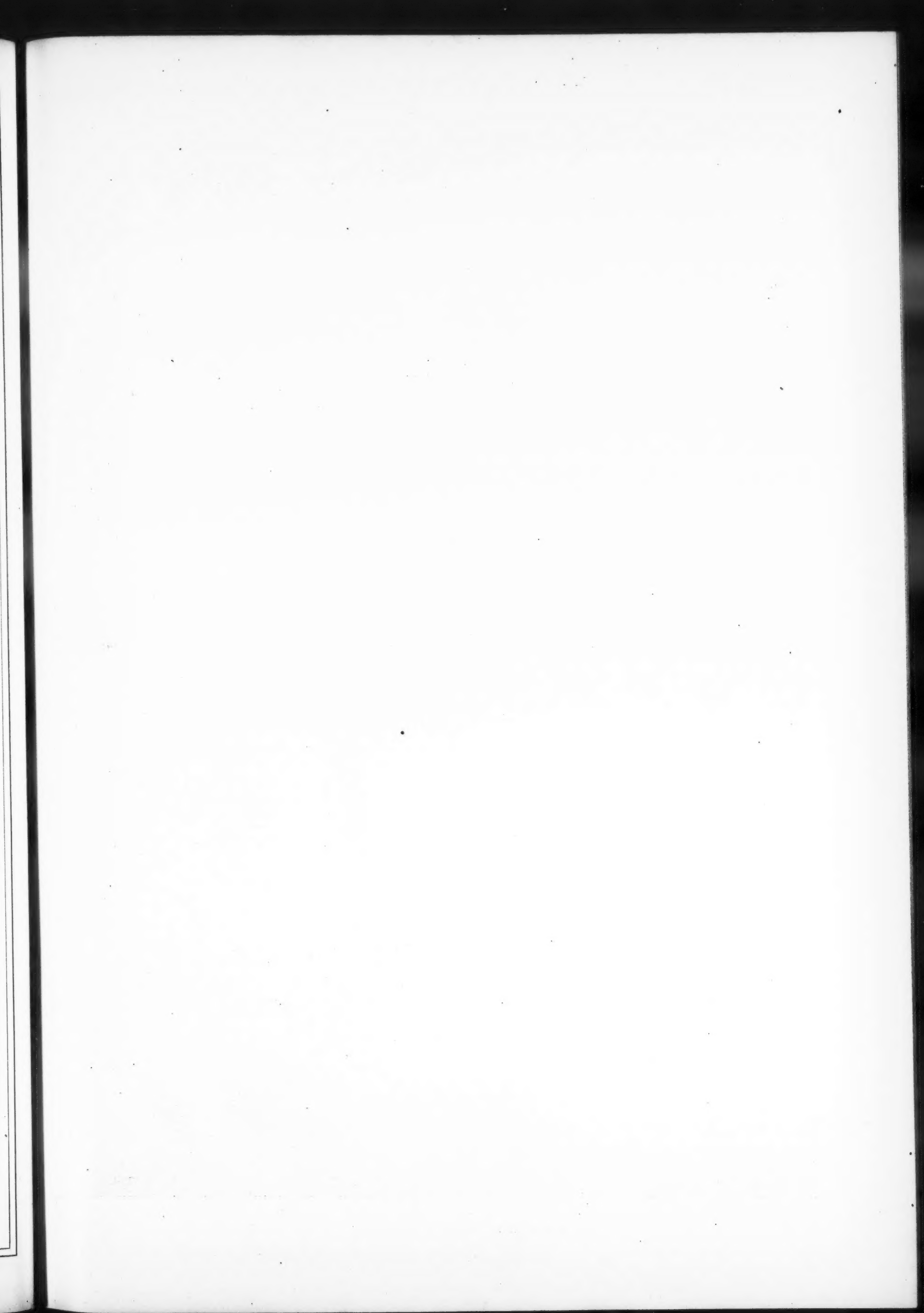
The poets of America have not until lately cultivated the field of poetic translation, in which their English brethren have labored so long and so assiduously, but they bid fair now to overtake them and gather the remaining laurels. Of the three who have made translations of three of the world's great poets, two have certainly surpassed all who have attempted the same tasks in English. There need be no future translation of Homer and Goethe. Whether this can be said of the recent translation of Virgil by Mr. C. P. Cranch is somewhat doubtful. It can be said, we think, of the version of Lucretius, lately made by Mr. Charles Frederick Johnson, and published by Messrs. DeWitt C. Lent & Co. Lucretius is not a poet who can ever be popular; but he is a great poet, nevertheless, and if we are to have him in English, we want him at his best. He has been translated several times. Evelyn tried his hand at the first book, but it was too much for him. Creech made a complete version, but it was loose and inaccurate. Dryden did better, but he rendered only certain passages, and these he paraphrased rather than translated. Of later translators, it is only necessary to mention Dr. Good, whose version, published in 1805, is the one which has been generally received. It is in blank verse, like Mr. Johnson's, but the blank verse is not so flexible as his, and the sense is less poetically rendered. Altogether, Mr. Johnson's translation is the best yet published, and we have no doubt but that it will be accepted as such by the English readers of Lucretius.

From the same house we have as good an antidote to Lucretius as we have seen in a long time. It is a little volume of sacred verse, entitled, "The Ministry of Song," the work of a young English lady named Frances Ridley Havergal. We are not partial to religious poetry, as such—least of all to the religious poetry of the time; but we can feel it when it is simply and tenderly written, as it is here, and when its spirit is purely devotional. We respect devotion as sincerely as we detest theology. A stanza of Miss Havergal's "Ministry of Song," will show the quality of her verse:

"In God's great field of labor  
All work is not the same;  
He hath a service for each one  
Who loves His holy name.  
And you, to whom the secrets  
Of all sweet sounds are known,  
Rise up! for He hath called you  
To a mission of your own.  
And, rightly to fulfil it,  
His grace can make you strong,  
Who to your charge hath given  
The Ministry of Song."

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PUNCHEON RUN FALLS.—J. D. WOODWARD.